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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

May 22, 1957

PRICE



New York's  
International  
Fashion  
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pages 8 & 9





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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 22, 1957

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## CANBERRA HOME FOR QUEEN?

AN Australian diplomat in London complained recently that the English were inclined to regard the Queen as their own private property.

*The man responsible for this "heresy" was Sir Keith Officer, former Australian Ambassador to France.*

He said: "We rather resent the suggestion that her right place is Buckingham Palace, Balmoral, or Sandringham... We would like to see her coming to live in her residence at Canberra for two months and carrying on her duties there..."

Sir Keith's words express feelings long held in the Dominions, that the Queen has a responsibility to live in her Commonwealth and get to know it intimately.

*Rare visits, which are exhausting affairs anyway, are not good enough.*

As Queen Elizabeth is Queen of Australia just as much as she is Queen of England, then her place is Canberra just as much as Buckingham Palace or Balmoral.

Although by geography and historical precedent the Queen and her ancestors have lived in that tough little island, times and the Constitution and concept of the Commonwealth have changed.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Menzies) has since said that the proposal had already been advanced and given the closest examination and warmest consideration.

*"But," he added, "almost from the outset the insuperable difficulties became manifest. My own attitude has long since been that the proposal is totally impracticable."*

Australians, however, will continue to hope that just as the Queen herself has introduced many innovations in carrying out her enormous task, a means may yet be found for her to reside here at intervals — literally as Queen of Australia.

## Our cover:

● Sydney couturier Germaine Rocher designed the elegant white lace evening-gown and turquoise-blue opera cloak for an international fashion parade in New York. She was the only Australian invited to take part in the show. The other countries invited were Cuba, England, France, Ireland, Italy, India, Japan, Mexico, Spain, and the United States. Color pictures taken by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, of some of the wonderful clothes in the parade appear on pages 8 and 9.

## This week:

● The Queen's forthcoming State visit to Denmark will be an exciting event for 17-year-old Princess Margrethe, heiress-presumptive to the Danish throne. The Princess, who finished her education in England, will have a new wardrobe and for the first time will be allowed to wear some of the Royal jewels. Princess Margrethe is a cousin of Princess Margaretha, of Sweden, the story of whose romance with a young Englishman appears in this issue. Pictures of Copenhagen, the Danish capital, appear opposite.

## Next week:

● Thousands of women are doing a two-fold job these days—returning to work after marriage and running a home at the same time. To help them to cut down work in the home and yet still live gracefully, we publish a nine-page supplement next week covering everything from laundry to hostessing. Among the special articles is one by Margaret Lord, leading Australian interior decorator, who is specially fitted to speak authoritatively on furniture and furnishing problems for the working wife—she is one herself.

● Top English writer Elizabeth Cadell has written an engaging new novel, "Bridal Array," the first instalment of which will appear next week. We think it will be just as popular with our readers as her two earlier books we published—"Journey's Eve" and "The Lark Shall Sing."

● Gardens of miniature trees growing in shallow pots or dishes are ideal for the flat-dweller and make an interesting hobby for gardeners who like to experiment with something that is new to Australia. Next week our gardening expert gives ideas on how to grow dwarfed shrubs and trees—an art first practised by the Chinese thousands of years ago and then copied by the Japanese, who call it "Bonsai," which means "potted tree."

## BOOK REVIEWS by HELEN FRIZELL

### Skilful blend of fact and fiction in sea saga

The Shiplovers' Society of Victoria, Australia, was one of many organisations which provided American author Ernest Gann with background for his sailing-ship saga, "Twilight for the Gods."

THE names of real ships and real people are mentioned in this novel, which tells of the barquentine Cannibal on her last Pacific voyage.

The year is 1927, steam has swept most of the wind-jammers from the oceans, and sail is as "rare as an albatross in the doldrums."

With Captain Bell her master, Cannibal, one of the last sailing ships in the world, sets out from Fiji for Mexico.

Though Bell, the Cannibal, passengers and crew are

fictitious, author Gann makes us believe in them as we believed in the fate of his airliner in the best-seller "The High and the Mighty."

There isn't much future for the ship, beautiful in her heyday, now decaying from age, or for vessels like her. But Captain Bell, who owns her, is a sailing man, and she is his livelihood.

As things go wrong, the weather worsens, and the pumps are worked, readers find the tension building up to cyclone pitch.

There is discussion among

the crew, mystery among the passengers. Solitary, and responsible for decisions, good or bad, is Captain Bell, who can confide only in his journal.

What happens is the author's secret. It wouldn't be divulging it to say that the Cannibal's end is better than the fate of other beautiful ships of the period.

For the ordinary reader, as well as for those who like a sailing story to be authentic, "Twilight for the Gods" can be thoroughly recommended.

Copy from the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.



# Danes cut red tape for Royal visitors

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The three-day State visit of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip to Denmark will be the most free and easy of all Royal visits to European capital cities.

THE British and Danish Royal Families are closely linked and King Frederik and Queen Ingrid have asked their people to show to their Royal guests the same friendliness and respect always given them.

The Danes respect their Royal Family's right to move about freely, and security arrangements have been relaxed.

Denmark has a very democratic outlook, so invitations to the State banquet and receptions include fishermen and farmers.

The Danes want the Queen and Prince Philip to enjoy all the delights of "wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen" and not make the visit a burden, so the official programme has been curtailed.

"We don't want split-second timing; we want the Queen to see as much as possible of our small country and enjoy our way of life," said an official at the Danish Embassy in London.

"After the three-day State visit, the Queen and Prince Philip will stay for two days as the guests of our King at Fredensborg," he said.

The State visit begins on May 21, when the Royal Yacht Britannia arrives at "Toldboden" (the Customs House).

The Royal visitors will be received at the pier by tall, seamanlike, jovial King Frederik and Queen Ingrid. Both Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip are kin of the Danish Royal Family, the Queen through her great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra.

Prince Philip is Queen Ingrid's step-cousin. His grandfather was Prince William of Denmark, who was elected to the throne of Greece as King George I.

"Prince Philip is Danish in appearance and Princess Anne is like our children," say the Danes proudly.

Denmark has had two years to prepare the wonderful welcome that awaits the Queen and Prince Philip.

Denmark's visit was to have followed Norway's, where the State visits of Queen Elizabeth's reign began, but Denmark, a small country, said simply, "We can't afford it yet."

So while the Queen was being acclaimed in the larger capitals of Europe, Copenhagen went quietly on with its preparations, which are imaginative, and as full of charm as Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.



BOULEVARDE CAFE at Copenhagen, "the Venice of the North," which is en fete for the arrival of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. It will be the Queen's first visit to Denmark, Prince Philip's second.

The processional routes are not only beflagged but garlanded with flowers for the Royal visitors. The narrow streets are linked with swinging flower-baskets and the Danish flag flies from the handsome buildings.

Replicas of Viking ships ride beside fast modern liners, spanning a thousand years of maritime history.

But it is in Amalienborg Castle, where the Royal visitors will stay, that the taste and care that have been lavished on the State visit are fully expressed.

At the castle every detail, from fine fabrics to modern furnishings harmonising with antiques, has been chosen by Queen Ingrid.

Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, decorated in ornate blue, gold, and silver, has a satin-upholstered bed set into an alcove with a high satin canopy and drapings, soft satin furnishings, and deep lace covers.

Many Danes take their personal decorating problems to the Royal architects and here Queen Ingrid helps everyone. A book of color photographs of palace rooms is for sale with invitations in the text to "consult this little book" as a guide to indoor decor.

"If you have to decide a pattern for your parquet floor, look at the effect of the different floorings in the Danish King's rooms and salons," the book invites.

"What color carpet goes best with a certain wall color? You can learn from the experience of the Royal couple," it says.

Hospitality during the visit will be lavish. For the State banquet—at which the Queen will make her only speech—small shrimps, a Danish delicacy, have been included in the menu.

Forty shrimp-peelers from one restaurant alone have been hired to peel shrimps for the banquet, which will be held at Christiansborg Castle.

One of the highlights of the State visit will be the gala performance at the Royal Theatre.

The Queen has ordered an entirely new wardrobe for the Danish visit and for the opera Norman Hartnell has designed an ivory satin gown with jewel embroideries.

With it the Queen may wear the beautiful necklace of 2000 diamonds and 118 pearls, a wedding gift to Queen Alexandra from King Frederik VII of Denmark.

The last official dinner of the visit will be on the Britannia, when the Queen and Prince Philip will entertain their hosts with English food from the yacht's refrigerators.



ROYAL HOSTS King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark (above) with their daughters Benedikte, Anne-Marie, and Margrethe. The Queen and Princesses have new wardrobes for the visit. Below is Copenhagen's famous statue of Hans Andersen's "Little Mermaid."



FAMOUS LANDMARK, the Marble Church, which the Queen will see on her State visit to Denmark. Copenhagen has many old buildings, which attract thousands of tourists each year. After three days in the city, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip will be the Danish Royal Family's guests for two days at Fredensborg.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 22, 1957



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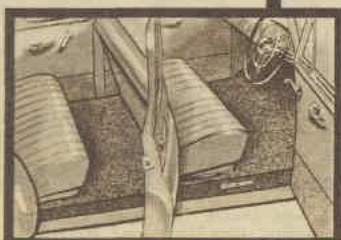
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# In Denmark, as always, "Bobo" will be there

By VALERIE PARKHOUSE

Among the Queen's retinue on her visit to Denmark will be Margaret ("Bobo") MacDonald, a Royal servant who holds a position so unique she still calls the Queen by her childhood name of "Lilibet," and knows more about her than any other woman outside the Royal Family.

THIS year "Bobo," a 48-year-old shy, retiring Scotswoman from the mist-shrouded Black Isle, off the north-eastern coast of Scotland, celebrates her 31st year of service to the Queen, first as her nursery-maid and later as her personal dresser.

She is also the Queen's constant companion and best friend, though officially she is a servant on the Buckingham Palace staff.

So highly is "Bobo" regarded by the Queen that when she was taken to an East End hospital in London recently, the Queen paid her a bedside visit and stayed 40 minutes talking to her.

Yet—though she has shared some of the Royal Family's most intimate and personal experiences—she has no social standing in Court or society, and still has to stand in a crowd to watch the Queen's public appearances.

The wheel of fate and fortune which was to lead Margaret MacDonald from Highland home to palace began spinning 31 years ago when she was nearing her eighteenth birthday.

A letter arrived telling her that she had been recommended for the post of nursery-maid to the baby whom the Duchess of York (now the Queen Mother) was expecting in the spring.

#### Attic room

SHE entered Royal service when Princess Elizabeth was three weeks old. She had a top-floor attic room and one best dress, carefully chosen by her mother before she left home.

Now she is known as Miss MacDonald to other members of the Palace domestic staff. She has a beautifully furnished suite of rooms near the Queen's own suite, and a wardrobe of attractive clothes and jewellery, given to her by the Queen.

Through the years she has been a backroom girl at all the important events in the Queen's life. Even her nickname, "Bobo," is one of many important milestones in her life in the Queen's service. For those two syllables were the first words the Queen spoke as a baby. And the name has stuck ever since.

When the Queen succeeded to the throne, Margaret MacDonald stopped calling her "Lilibet"—until the Queen said, "Don't 'Your Majesty' me when we're alone."

Then she added as an after-



BACKROOM GIRL at all the important events in the Queen's life, Margaret MacDonald's well-known nickname has stuck since the Queen coined it with the first two syllables she uttered as a baby—"Bobo."

thought, "But perhaps you'd better when we are not."

"Bobo" forgot this Royal order only once. Controversy was raging over a portrait of the Queen which was showing in a London gallery. So she sent her dresser along to have a look at it.

A young footman was in the room when "Bobo" returned. "Well?" said the Queen.

"Lilibet—it's just not YOU," said the girl from the Black Isle.

"Bobo's" day as the Queen's dresser begins at 7 a.m., when she takes an early-morning tea-tray into the Royal bedroom. Then she runs the Queen's bath and lays out her clothes.

If the Queen has a public engagement they discuss what she will wear. Or, if new clothes are needed, "Bobo" rings up Hartnell or Hardy Amies and arranges a fitting.

The Queen has a high opinion of her dresser's quiet, elegant taste in clothes and her undoubted flair for fashion.

So when the soft Highland voice comes over the line it starts a flurry in the elegant salons. If "Bobo" thinks a certain dress does not suit the Queen, her advice is usually taken.

Although she has had no training except practical experience, Miss MacDonald often gives the Queen a near-professional shampoo and set when they are on holiday in Scotland or Norfolk. She

brushes the Queen's hair for about half an hour a day and manicures her nails.

She does all the Queen's personal washing and ironing. The Queen even decided to switch to nylon undies to give "Bobo" less work.

"Bobo's" "uniform" is a simply tailored, elegant black dress. She wears make-up—the same brand as the Queen—and black court shoes for work in the Palace.

#### Own home

BESIDES her suite of rooms in the Palace she has another home in Marlborough House mews. This is a grace-and-favour house granted by the Queen when "Bobo's" mother decided to live in London.

Now "Bobo" lives with her mother in a first-floor flat there. Her sister Ruby—Princess Margaret's dresser—and Ruby's husband, an ex-Palace footman, live on the ground floor.

The house is linked to both Buckingham Palace and Clarence House by a special telephone line. Most of the furniture was given to the MacDonald sisters by the Queen and Princess Margaret.

Why has "Bobo" never married? She would not lose her job if she did, for her sister has remained with Princess Margaret after her marriage.

"She has never talked of getting married. She finds her job completely absorbing."

one of her friends on the Royal staff told me.

"Bobo" has travelled thousands of miles with the Queen on all the Royal tours. She tucked a bag of glucose sweets in the Queen's bag for her to suck and prevent "butterfly tummy" when she was a nervous 16-year-old setting off on her first public engagement.

She was one of the first to hear about the Queen's romance with the Duke of Edinburgh, about her marriage plans, and about the expected babies.

#### Hug for Queen

AND she was the woman who gave the Queen a last reassuring hug before she left for her wedding and for her Coronation.

Her experiences at the Coronation will always be etched on "Bobo's" memory. After she had dressed the Queen in her Coronation robes she was rushed to Westminster Abbey in a Royal Daimler with an escort of police cars.

There she waited in the annex to put a puff of powder on the Queen's nose and run a comb through her hair before the ceremony began.

After the Coronation, the Queen conferred on "Bobo" the M.V.O.—Member of the Royal Victorian Order—which is an honor given only to those who render the sovereign personal service.

The Queen thinks so highly of her that when plans for the Royal yacht Britannia were being studied, she inquired what arrangements had been made for furnishing "Bobo's" cabin. The Admiralty had planned to furnish it very simply, like the other staff cabins on the boat.

"That's not good enough for 'Bobo,'" said the Queen firmly. "I'll pay for the furnishings myself." So fitted carpets and expensive furniture were ordered.

When "Bobo" has dressed the Queen for an important public engagement she often slips out into the crowds. For the Queen likes to hear the public's reactions.

"Bobo" also keeps the Queen well informed about the ordinary events in public and Palace life which she would otherwise probably not hear. Many a bouquet of flowers from the Royal gardens has been sent to the sick wife of an obscure Palace servant in this way.

"Bobo" MacDonald could make a fortune out of her memoirs. But that is one story that will never be told.



# To Hollywood—but not for films

## Lovely model will discard her curves for success in U.S.

● Former Sydney model Yvonne Nightingale, home on a visit after seven successful years abroad, pins her hopes on the "Bony Look" when she leaves again in six months to storm United States fashion centres—starting with Hollywood.

By  
CYNTHIA STRACHAN,  
staff reporter

"ALL of which isn't as ambitious as it sounds," said Yvonne, relaxing in a lounge chair at her Potts Point flat, and turning on one of those flashing smiles which have brightened overseas magazines and travel posters.

She explained:

"Most of the girls in America have one burning ambition—to be a film star. So they try to develop buxom figures, styled on Marilyn Monroe lines. If they fail in the movie field they can't automatically turn to modelling, because in America models must be lean and hungry-looking, almost emaciated.

"In fact, when models are being groomed as such in the States, they are instructed to lose weight until the bones are showing.

"Other countries aren't as strict as this," said Yvonne, a 5ft. 4½in. tall copper-headed, whose vital statistics are 34-22-35. "An occasional Italian or French model may be quite curvaceous.

"But a rounded figure spells 'finish' to a top-flight American model—and that's what I'd like to be. It would be worth losing curves for.

"Of course, the Americans are probably not far wrong in liking both types. The lean look is very good for high-fashion modelling, but who could say Marilyn Monroe is anything but magnificent to look at?

"I was most impressed when I first saw Marilyn in London. She's brilliant, beautiful, and amusing. No one could be further removed from the dumb blonde she usually portrays in films."

Another buxom beauty who greatly impressed Yvonne is Diana Dors.

"She may not have classic

beauty, but her personality makes her something quite special," she said. "I adored her from the moment we met, because she has such a wonderful sense of humor, often directed against herself."

Although Yvonne eats "anything, everything, and repeat helpings" of all kinds of food, there's no danger of her figure following the full movie-star curves.

"I suppose I'm just built on greyhound lines and that's that," she said. "Even now, though, I'm an inch over what my hip measurements should be for American modelling."

### Near despair

YVONNE plans to model in Sydney and Melbourne before leaving for Hollywood.

She started modelling in Sydney in 1946, and in 1950 sailed for England with hopes of making a name for herself. But she almost despaired after three months' route-marching from photographer to photographer.

She was "discovered" by a Fleet Street Press photographer and soon afterwards began modelling for "Vogue." Since then she's never looked back.

This experience proved to her that if a model wants to break into the London, Paris, or New York fashion worlds it doesn't matter which country she's from just as long as she is prepared to work hard.

Yvonne's major tip to Aus-



PARIS-DESIGNED black cocktail dress worn by Yvonne features the trumpet line, with a scooped-out neckline. With it she wears an Italian sequined evening beret. Although she has modelled hundreds of hats, Yvonne has few of her own, and considers them unnecessary for a well-dressed woman—if her hair is groomed.



HOME AGAIN for a six months' "working" visit is lovely copperhead model Yvonne Nightingale, of Potts Point, N.S.W. She first found success abroad seven years ago when she appeared in "Vogue" in London. Most of her high-fashion work has been for Paris designers.

tralian girls trying their luck in London is to show plenty of self-assurance when applying for jobs and not to look too eager about whether they get the work or not.

"This starving-in-a-garret routine doesn't win hearts or jobs," she said.

While abroad, Yvonne, who keeps clear of mannequin parades in favor of the "easier,

more interesting, and better-paid" modelling, did most of her high-fashion work for Paris designers.

"I'm too short for English designers, and, anyway, I suit the slightly hippy designs of many of the Paris fashion leaders," she said.

Mainly, she has modelled hats—"hundreds and hundreds of hats."

"But I seldom buy them," she said. "I think girls can be extremely well dressed without them IF their hair is their crowning glory."

Yvonne has few clothes here. Before flying to Australia she spent four months holidaying in South Africa, and her clothes are coming by sea from there.

### Local dressing

HOW does the dressing of Australian girls impress her after seven years abroad?

"I think they're wonderful," she said. "They've a style all their own."

"We have quite a reputation overseas for being colorful dressers. When our girls go along for jobs, photographers guess they're Aussies before they say a word, just because of this gaiety in their everyday clothes."

In England, she thought the average woman and young girl, who had always dressed "appallingly," were now getting away from the monotonous drab colors to very good effect.

"Of course, I'm not including the smart, fashion-conscious set in that," she added, with one of her big dimpled smiles. "Everybody knows this particular group of Englishwomen is among the most elegant in the world."



"VOGUE" POSE by Yvonne wearing a copy-model Paris suit of pleated white terylene and a miniature lampshade hat in natural straw which was designed in America. Yvonne's wardrobe is mostly of uncrushable, easy-to-wash materials.





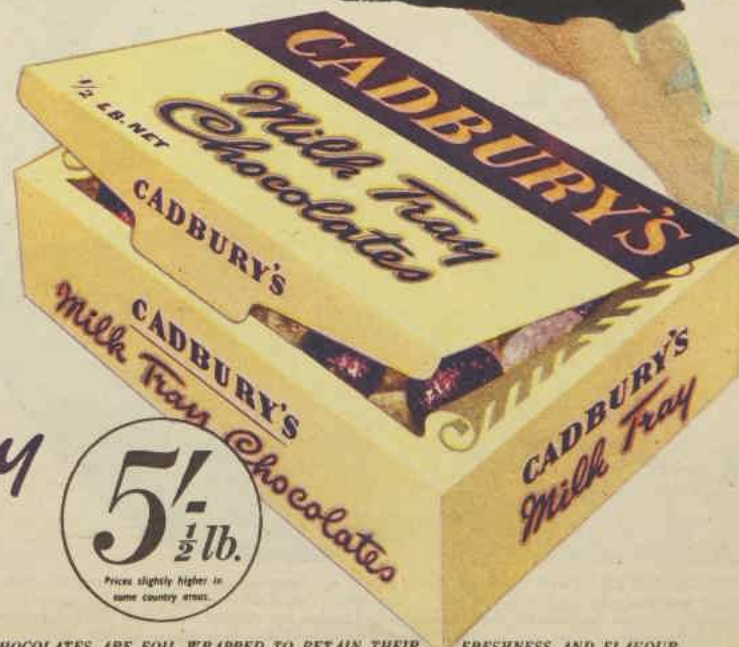
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# 'IN THE BIG LAND'

## Film writer's search for migrants' story

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

● Ted Willis, a noted English film script-writer ("Doctor in the House," "The Blue Lamp"), is spending three months in Australia filling notebooks with facts and impressions for a £500,000 feature color film on Australia's migration problems.

THE film, which will be partly made in Australia, is "The Big Land," and the company which will produce it is Associated British Pictures Corporation.

Ted Willis, a charming, dark-haired Londoner with pomegranate cheeks, a critical eye, and a deep well of compassion from which to draw, is well equipped to study and assess the problems involved in the biggest migration flow in modern history.

He knows people and why they tick, for he was born in the slums of London's Shore-ditch—where, from babyhood, he saw life at its ugliest—and has been a paper-boy, milk-man, moulder, laborer, shop assistant, and even a tramp for a year.

Now, after going through the normal immigration procedure at Australia House, travelling to Australia as a "migrant" among 1400 British migrants, talking to 1000 migrants in every Australian State, and analysing letters from another 800, he has run across a story which he plans to dramatise and which he hopes the critics will recognise as a great play.

Among all the stories and anecdotes Ted Willis has to tell—stories of courage, humor, defeat, success, guts—this one combines within itself all the elements of the classic Greek drama.

As Ted filled his pipe he said: "When I first heard this story direct from Jeannie I nearly cried, and whenever I retell it, I am never very far from tears. I know it will sound like fiction, but every word of it is true."

About six years ago a Scottish farmer came in from the fields one day and said to his wife: "Jeannie, how would you like to go to Australia?"

"Where you go I'll go," Jeannie said. "But why do you ask?"

"In a dream last night I

saw a beautiful valley in Australia, and I knew I must find it and that our sons must grow up there."

The wife didn't know what to say or think, but over the weeks the dream valley became almost an obsession with her husband. Then one day he said: "Jeannie, I'm going to Australia to find our valley—and when I find it I'll send for you and our sons."

Tom went to Australia, and the day he arrived he cabled, "Love, tears, and cheers, Tom," and next day he bought a second-hand jeep and a spade and started his

### APPLES OF HIS EYE

TED WILLIS says that Australia's most beautiful girls live in Queensland.

"They're real pippins," he says.

But here is why he thinks Australian girls generally are more attractive than English girls:

"They're about an inch taller, they wear more colorful and attractive clothes, and wear them better, the climate gives them slightly darker skins, and they have tremendous poise."

search, and the search took him 12,000 miles through every State, and every valley he knew was not his became a notch cut on his spade handle.

The spade handle was ragged with notches when an agent in southern Queensland took him out to see an old tumbledown farmhouse. From the moment he stood on the verandah and looked across the valley below he knew it was his valley—the valley of his dream.

When his wife and six sons finally arrived from Scotland the excited boys climbed all over him, but one by one he put them down and said, "Now



SCRIPT-WRITER Ted Willis and his secretary, Joan Kouvaras, of Bondi, N.S.W., sort some of the hundreds of letters received from British migrants in Australia.

leave me alone for a moment. I just want to touch your mother first."

And when he had kissed her he took her and the boys out to where the valley lay below them and said: "This valley is going to be ours for 1000 years."

Six months later Tom had cancer, and the doctors gave him six weeks to live.

Then one Saturday morning, when the time was nearly up and he was very weak, he said to his wife: "Jeannie, have you a joint for the weekend?" and Jeannie said, "Yes, Tom, I was going to cook it tomorrow," and Tom said, "Could we have it today, Jeannie?"

An hour later he was found dead in the paddock, and Jeannie cried for four days and tried to drown herself in the well.

Australian neighbors calmed her, looked after the boys, cleaned the house, stocked the food cupboards, organised a community-work roster system to help the migrant family in their desperate need.

From then on for the next five years the neighbors worked the farm and taught the boys until the eldest was old enough to take charge and do the work his father would have done.

And Jeannie always kept Tom's Bible beside her—the Bible Tom had left open on his last day with a pencil line marking these words from Corinthians: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity,

these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

As Ted Willis finished his story he said: "Whenever I tell that story I can't escape the feeling that Tom and his family were led to their valley."

I asked Ted if he could summarise his conclusions after his long and close contact with thousands of migrants. He said he would try, and here is the result:

● 95 of every 100 British migrants like Australia and Australians and are glad they have come, even though many faced difficult and frustrating job, accommodation, and adjustment problems.

● 70 per cent. of migrants are first-class people—steady, skilled workmen.

● Only a small percentage of the total British migrant intake are no-hopers or neurotics.

● Most migrants feel that the most important thing to bring to Australia is £2000 deposit on a home, though Willis insists that a sense of humor comes even before that.

● Homesickness is the first and biggest hurdle after arrival, for the migrant knows then he has pulled up his roots and feels alone, adrift, friendless.

● Migrants who like Australia—and they are in the vast majority—generally give five reasons: Greater opportunities, particularly for children; climate; friendliness of Australians; general feeling of equality and lack of rigid social distinctions; and because they have succeeded in job, business, or getting a home or car twice as fast as they could have expected in England.

● The few migrants who dislike Australia give the following reasons: Housing, a key complaint; fewer opportunities for jobs than they were led to believe; cost of living higher than in Britain; Australians dislike them, call them "Pommies"; lack of cultural opportunities.

Ted Willis adds: "If any British migrant would like to write to me I'll treat his letter as confidential and reply personally. My address is Associated British Studios, Elstree, Herts., England."



From the days of the dowry to the modern hope-chest

## Finlay's sheets

are still trousseau treasures



Yes, indeed, over two hundred years ago Finlay's Sheets were hand woven by the skilful Scots for the bridal dowry. To-day, skilful Scottish weavers, with the most modern machinery, produce Finlay's famous Sheets and Pillowcases—Sheets and Pillowcases every girl treasures in her trousseau. In plain and twill weave, they're made from the best-quality cotton, bleached in the pure air of the Scottish Highlands and given a strong finish that guarantees long and hard wear.



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Choose the colour to pamper your personality; and, remember, it's an old Scottish custom to date your Finlay's Sheets and see how long they'll wear!

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MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**



FROM THE BLIZZARDS of John o' Groats to the warmth of north-east Victoria came Highlander Mr. John Sinclair and his family this year. Ted Willis (right) talked to them on their 1500-acre farm near Nathalia.



# INTERNATIONAL PARADE AT THE WALDORF



Society audience thronged New York's fabulous Waldorf Astoria and paid more than 5000 dollars (£A2400) to see the spectacular International Fashion Parade.

Designers from 11 countries, including Australia, contributed original models.

The show was organised by patrons of the New York Infirmary as a money-raising scheme for the hospital. It was sponsored by an international chain of slimming salons.

Tickets at 10 dollars (£A4/14/-) each included a lunch of consomme Madrilene, breast of chicken Marengo, small roast potatoes, tiny spring beans, and pink ice-cream.

The mannequins paraded on stage against a backdrop of the New York skyline and down a sloping S-curved catwalk.

The parade netted 5340 dollars (£A2563), to which the sponsor added another 2500 dollars (£A1200).

• Hubert de Givenchy (France), recognised as one of his country's top-ranking couturiers, designed the three ensembles above: Front-buttoned skirt and tie-back blouse (left), princess dress in white organza with black accent (centre), and a floor-length formal made in aqua-blue silk taffeta (right).

• Pedro Rodriguez (Spain), who maintains three salons — in Barcelona, Madrid, and San Sebastian — showed the trio of designs (right): Black sheath and matching button-on stole, green taffeta dress with matching gloves, and a wonderful rose silk taffeta dress with a skirt simulating a full-blown rose.







● Germaine Rocher (Australia) calls her white gabardine suit-and-blouse ensemble (above) "Canberra," after the capital of Australia. The orange silk wrapped blouse is matched to the jacket lining. The towering turban, designed by Henrietta Lamotte for the suit, is made in orange shantung and alternating bands of straw.



● Sybil Connolly (Ireland) designed the formal skirt-and-blouse ensemble (far left). Charles James (U.S.) the beige faille and white satin evening dress (centre), and Eric de Juan (Cuba) the short grey organza dress printed with moss roses.

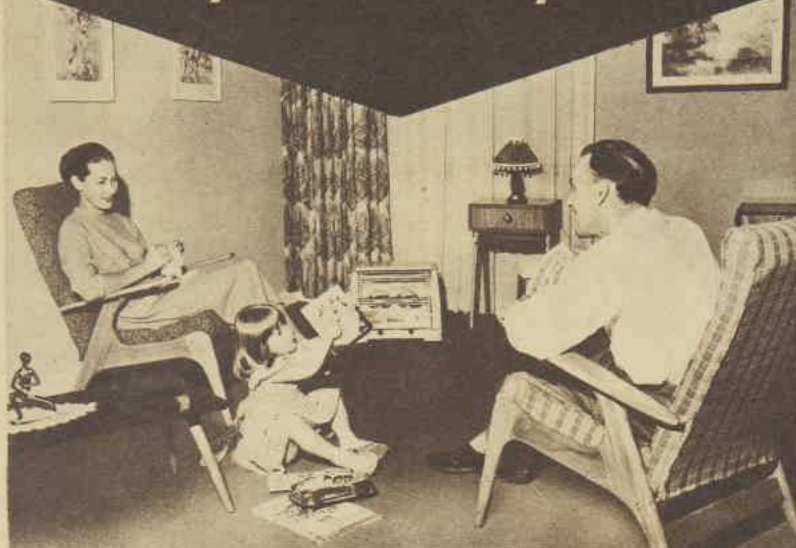


● Sophie Earl (India), a designer who delights in using saris, symbols of her vast country, and traditional Indian animal motifs. The latter were woven into a black-and-white print for the swimsuit and short-cut jacket (left). The material is reversible.

● Rita Tillet (Mexico) was inspired for the trouser ensemble (above) by a peasant costume. The shirt is printed in a tribal pattern; the hat is the authentic sombrero of the Huichol tribe. These pictures are by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

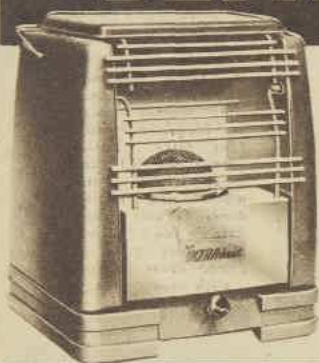


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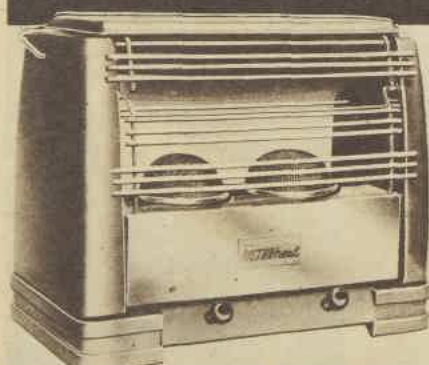
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clothes airing

cooking



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# TELEVISION PARADE

The first telecast in Australia of a public concert by an overseas celebrity artist will begin an exciting winter of music for viewers of Channel 2, ABN.

THE artist is Leontyne Price, American negro soprano. The telecast from the Sydney Town Hall will be at 8.15 p.m. on Thursday, May 30, when half the programme will be televised.

Miss Price, scheduled to arrive this week for her first tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, won't be affected by the TV cameras. She made headlines in New York with her "Tosca" for the NBC-TV Opera Theatre, and later as Pamina in Mozart's "The Magic Flute."

Next music-lovers' must is a tele-recorded recital from Melbourne of violinist Ricardo Odnoposoff on June 6 at 8.15 p.m.

But the big musical date of the year is June 20, when the Sydney Symphony Orchestra under Nicolai Malko makes its first telecast. Programme details are not yet finalised, but the soloist will be Argentinian pianist Claudio Arrau. The telecast will last for an hour — from 8 till 9 p.m.

TV is always making history and "memorable firsts" in Australia, but perhaps its most world-shaking to date occurred last Saturday, when Rugby Union referees wore black jerseys.

It may never happen again, but it will if it is necessary to make identification easy for televiewers who follow the code on Channel 7, ATN.

Mr. H. E. Roberts, busy secretary of the Rugby Union, now has TV "identification make-up" to cope with.

One thing he has done is speed up the issue of the new plastic numbers for jerseys, because the TV camera picks them up so well.

The plastic numbers are not a TV innovation and were used before telecasts. They're

By  
NAN MUSCROVE

a wonderful identification aid as they shed the mud and other wet-weather hazards that formerly obliterated players' numbers.

So far, Mr. Roberts hasn't had to interfere with the sacred club jerseys, although the villain of the piece, the TV camera, has.

Its most vicious attack so far has been on the Gordon team, who proudly wear jerseys made from Gordon tartan.

Gordon supporters who saw the first telecast were amazed to see Gordon take the field in striped jerseys.

They weren't wearing stripes, of course, they were wearing the tartan. The

stripes are just a trick of the TV camera. It photographs the Gordon tartan as stripes and there's nothing anyone can do about it.

Mr. Roberts has no other problem as big as this tartan impasse; he wisely has stabilised on a shorts-swapping system for identification.

He sees that opposing teams in telecast matches wear contrasting shorts, no matter what color they usually wear. The teams wear white or navy, or black or white shorts.

Last week refs wore black jerseys instead of the traditional white so they could be distinguished from the St. George players, who wore white ones.

League telecasts from Channel 9, TCN, so far have been free from identification troubles.

## TV GALLERY



JOHN GODSON, of Channel 9, TCN. He's 22, red-haired, freckled. As TCN announcer was the first voice ever heard officially over TV in Australia. Comperes his own "live" disc jockey show for teenagers, Saturdays, 5-6.30, when he uses the phone on the set to talk direct to his quiz contestants.

## SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our "Sweet and Sour" Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

### THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

AFTER 40 years of married life my husband had a stroke and I nursed him for three years. When he had to go to hospital in a semi-coma the sister took me in to see him, saying:

"How are you now? Do you know this lady who has come to visit you?"

He brightened and said: "Yes, I know her. I made her my wife and have never been sorry."

He smiled at me, then lapsed again, and died three days later. That was nine years ago and I still cherish those words.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. M. Lehr, Eumundi, Qld.

### THE BEST BACKHANDER

A NEWLYWED and very inexperienced cook, I decided to make scones. I wanted them dainty and not too high, so I rolled the dough rather thin, popped them in the oven, and awaited results.

My husband entered just as I removed the thin brown objects and tearfully I said, "I will have to throw them out."

He insisted on tasting them. "Nothing wrong with them, dear," he said, and as my spirits rose doubtfully, he added: "Next time start with something simple, like scones."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. Umack, 22 Park Crescent, Bentleigh, Vic.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



**Six inches\* more of good tobacco in every pack**

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**KING SIZE**

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"Mummy  
treated  
my cold  
a new way..."

## DOUBLES THE COMFORT HELPS END COLDS FASTER!

A mother's new idea that gives baby all the extra  
benefits of 2 times more VapoRub medication



Last night this little girl had an awful cold—but this morning she's as bright and cheerful as a little bird. Of course, Mother rubbed her with Vicks VapoRub... and not just once, but twice! Why twice? Well, here's how the little lady would tell you the big news herself:

"My mummy decided if one treatment with VapoRub comforts me so much, two treatments would double the comfort. So, she rubbed my chest, throat and back with VapoRub as usual... then, two hours later she rubbed it on again! My goodness, it was wonderful... in no time my nose cleared up, my coughing stopped and my throat and chest pains disappeared. I slept perfectly all night... and this morning I feel just fine."

Mothers find that two treatments with VapoRub make a lot of sense. A double rubbing just naturally doubles the child's comfort... and the extra relief it gives makes this idea well worth trying.

But whether you use VapoRub for one treatment, two treatments or more, you'll find it starts pleasant relief from colds the instant you rub it on... and in two ways at the same time:—Its medicinal vapours are breathed in to clear the nose, soothe the throat and calm coughing. And VapoRub's warming poultice action draws out congestion to ease chest pains and tightness.

Faster than you can imagine, Vicks VapoRub helps end your child's colds. You try it... and see for yourself.



Best for colds of young and old

### KNITTERS!

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents, contains instructions for 43 designs in men's, women's and children's knitwear. It's a bargain at 2/-.

Page 12

### Worried your child has WORMS?

Have you noticed any of these symptoms? Itching nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, breath odours, grinding of teeth, disturbed sleep, bowel disorders. Even if only one is present, your child may have worms. Don't take chances with this dangerous condition—get Comstock's Worm Tablets from your chemist to-day.

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS



"CAN we keep these gob caps?" Sara quads. Phillip (left), Judith, Alison, and Mark, ask Yeoman Second Class Roy Godman as they visit the Bennington. At back is 10-year-old brother Geoffrey.

## Quads visit warship

WHEN the Sara quads visited the aircraft-carrier U.S.S. Bennington at Garden Island, Sydney, they were of as much interest to the thousands of visitors and crew as the ship's jet-fighters.

As the quads scampered up gangways and round planes and crashboats, the visitors stopped to watch them, and the American sailors rubbed their eyes to make sure they weren't seeing double twice.

The quads, Alison, Judith, Mark, and Phillip, will be seven in August.



BENNINGTON'S aircraft thrill the quads, who look with slightly bewildered interest as Seaman Lloyd Stanwood, of New Orleans, tells them about a Banshee twin-jet on the flight deck. From left are Mark, Judith, Alison, and Phillip.



PARENTS Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., enjoy their visit to the carrier, but have to keep watch on the quads, who want to see every section of the warship.



"IT'S a long way down," say the quads, and tightly grip the rails as two American sailors show the wharves and Garden Island to them and brother Geoffrey from the height of the hangar deck on the big American ship.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 22, 1957



# The Princess and the pianist

Robin is resolved  
but Margaretha  
could falter...

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● No member of the Swedish Court circle believes that 22-year-old Princess Margaretha is so much in love that she will marry English pianist-advertising copywriter Robin Douglas-Home and live in a tiny London flat.

COUNT CARL-REINHOLD VON ESSEN, Master of the Royal Swedish Household, said: "We cannot imagine the Princess waiting in a flat every night while her husband goes out to play a piano for a living."

"Think of Princess Margaretha," he said. "You would not like that to happen to her and we would not like it for Princess Margaretha. It might be different if Mr. Douglas-Home were a Beethoven."

Count von Essen, who is spokesman for Princess Sibylla, Princess Margaretha's widowed mother, said: "He is not the Princess' first love. You know how it is with young love. It comes and goes."

When Princess Sibylla returned from a holiday in Germany for a family conference on her daughter's romance she ordered Count von Essen to break the silence that had been imposed on him and explain how the Swedish Royal Family feels about Margaretha's suitor.

He said: "There is no reflection on this charming young man, who comes from an ancient and noble family. The Princess' grandfather, King Gustav, merely wants them both to wait."

He gave Princess Sibylla's idea of a husband for her daughter. "Any nice young man is good enough for the Princess, only he must be able to give her a good living—not richly, but substantially. None of the Princesses has a lot of money."

"The Royal Family feels that Princess Margaretha is too young to marry yet, that her husband should be older than she—about 30 or 35. A man that age would be better able to give the Princess the kind of home to which she is accustomed."

Earlier Count von Essen had explained Princess Sibylla's decision on the romance between her daughter and 25-year-old Robin Douglas-Home (pronounced 'Hume'), who by day earns £750 sterling a year as an advertising copywriter with J. Walter Thompson and at night plays the piano at London's Berkeley Hotel.

He said: "If in two years Mr. Douglas-Home writes again asking for permission to marry the Princess, if his position has improved, and if they are still in love, his letter probably would be considered."

Princess Margaretha may write to Robin. "The Princess may write to anyone she likes," said the Count.

When news of the love affair, which was known only to those in the young Kents' circle of friends in London, became known in Sweden, Princess Margaretha, who had been staying in the London suburb of Hampstead, was hurriedly recalled to her home.

The recall followed a letter from Robin to King Gustav.

As in any family, the King asked Princess Margaretha's mother to decide.

Princess Sibylla thought the matter had ended when she replied politely but firmly that the whole idea was impossible.

But Robin is reported to have told a Swedish newspaper that his romance with Princess Margaretha "is not all over."

When Robin heard that Count von Essen had made a Press statement saying their "innocent little affair" was ended, he said, "It's mere nonsense. This is not the end, I assure you."

Stockholm reports say he signed his letter to the King with his seal, "Faithful Until Death."

Sad-eyed Princess Margaretha was upset when she saw her love affair splashed across all the newspapers. Miss Brita Cedestrom, her lady-in-waiting, said, "She is not very happy over the reports about her personal life."

Count von Essen added to



TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Princess Margaretha of Sweden, who was recalled from London when her family heard of her romance with 25-year-old Robin Douglas-Home.



OLD ETONIAN Robin, who earns £750 sterling (£A1000) a year as an advertising copywriter. He is a nephew of the Earl of Home.

the Royal statement that King Gustav didn't ban the marriage, but advised the Princess to consider such a serious decision very carefully.

## Clear views

"THE Princess is not likely to be visiting England again for some time," he said.

In London, Robin is continuing at the white piano at the Berkeley Hotel.

He has refused a New York offer of £A446 a week to play at a Manhattan supper club; another to appear in the floorshow of a Stockholm hotel.

He said he was not a professional pianist and wanted to make a career in advertising.

His earnings as a pianist are small; he does it more for fun than as a job.

After finishing at the Berkeley he drove in his pale green Javelin car to see his

mother, Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, at her London flat.

Of the romance Lady Margaret said: "My only concern is for my son's happiness. He is worthy of any girl—princess or commoner."

Robin's father, the Hon. Major Henry Douglas-Home, said: "If the girl is anything she will marry Robin despite opposition. If not, he is better out of it."

Jeremy Bullmore, Robin's friend, said: "Robin doesn't even know when he is going to see his Princess again. He has no plans for going to Sweden."

Robin is staying with his uncle, playwright William Douglas-Home, one-time escort of Princess Margaret.

Princess Margaretha and Princess Margaret are friends. They saw a lot of each other when the Royal Family visited Sweden last year.

The Royal Family's visit to Sweden determined Princess Sibylla's beautiful daughter to go to England as soon as she could. Two months later Princess Margaretha arrived "to improve her English," but it was said then the real reason was to meet the young Duke of Kent.

He and King Baudouin of Belgium had been mentioned as possible future husbands.

Princess Margaretha stayed in London with businessman Desmond Boyle and his Swedish wife, whose daughter Carina is Princess Alexandra's closest friend.

Margaretha was a guest at the Duke of Kent's 21st-birthday party. She had a few dates with him. But then she was seen more and more with one of Eddie Kent's close friends, Robin Douglas-Home.

## Gay leader

SLIM, with fair wavy hair and a bright manner, Robin was always the cheerful leader of a gay young set. Princess Margaretha was divinely happy. She was an expert of the rumba and she often danced till dawn.

The Princess learned to make her own clothes in Sweden, travelled incognito to a Norwegian ski camp as "Miss Mimi," and was "finished" in France; and in England decided to take a job in the therapy department of London's Middlesex Hospital.

Said Brenda Cottrell, one of the young physiotherapists who worked with her at the Middlesex Hospital, "Princess Margaretha knows where she is going. I can't see her being put off marrying Robin by any protocol."

Margaretha's father, Prince Gustav Adolph, was killed in an air crash in 1947. He was the son of Princess Margaret of Connaught.



DUKE OF KENT, who had been mentioned as a husband for Princess Margaretha.

Her brother, nine-year-old Prince Carl, is the heir-apparent to the Swedish Throne, and she has three sisters, Christina, Birgitta, and Desiree.

Should the King of Sweden die before nine-year-old Prince Carl comes of age at 18, then Princess Margaretha's uncle, Prince Bertil, will be Prince Regent.

The Swedish Royal Family's attitude to Princess Margaretha's love affair is rather surprising to many Swedes, because marriage to commoners is not rare among members of their Royal Family. There have been four in recent years.

In 1934 Prince Sigvard, grandson of King Gustav, renounced his rights after his marriage to the daughter of a Berlin businessman. A year later Prince Lennart, another grandchild of King Gustav, renounced his rights to marry the daughter of a Stockholm chartered accountant.

In 1937 Prince Charles married Elsa von Rosen.

In 1945 Prince Karl Johann, grandson of King Gustav, renounced his rights by marrying a Stockholm journalist.



MEMBERS of the Swedish Royal Family photographed during the Royal visit to Sweden. At back are Princess Margaretha, Prince Wilhelm, Earl Mountbatten, Prince Philip, and Prince Bertil. In front are King Gustav (Margaretha's grandfather), Queen Elizabeth, Queen Louise, Prince Carl (brother), and Princesses Christina (sister), Sibylla (mother), and Birgitta and Desiree (sisters).





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V57/2





**COCKTAIL PARTY.** Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Morrow at the cocktail party given by the Post-graduate Committee of Medicine. Dr. Victor Coppleson, who is chairman of the committee, received the one hundred and seventy guests with his wife.



**TRIO OF GUESTS** (from left) Mrs. Lorimer Dods, Mrs. W. Keith Myers, and Dr. Myers at the annual cocktail party given by the Post-graduate Committee of Medicine at the Australia Hotel.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS



**LEAVING St. Andrew's Cathedral** after their wedding are Lieut. Peter Sinclair, R.A.N., and his bride, the former Shirley McLellan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McLellan. Peter is the son of the Gordon Sinclairs.

**A HONEYMOON** in Majorca will follow the wedding in England of popular Sydney man Walter Johnson, of Edgecliff, and English lass Susan Eaton. They will marry in high summer (July 20) in a tiny village church near Godalming, Surrey.

Susan returned to England last March after living in Australia for some years . . . she was secretary to Lady Holmes, wife of the former High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, Sir Stephen Holmes.

Walter and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Johnson, will travel to England in June. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson plan to stay on a few months in England after the wedding—they have a flat in Cavendish Street, London.

Former Sydney resident Hugh Taylor, now a professor at Oxford University, will be best man at the wedding. The reception afterwards will be held at the home of Susan's father, Mr. Hugh Eaton.

Walter and his bride will make their home in Sydney, returning on board Orcades. Walter's brother Jim and his bride (formerly Margaret Rich, of Wollongong) have just arrived in Sydney after spending their honeymoon in Kitzbuhel, Austria — and they travelled back on Orcades, too.

**A STATION-WAGGON** will be presented to the chairman of the Far West Scheme, Dr. G. Moncrieff Barron, on Wednesday, May 15. The station-waggon will be used to transport patients to and from the home in Manly—Mrs. B. Muzyczuk presents it on behalf of thirty-two units of the Sunshine Clubs of Central New South Wales. During the past six years this club has raised more than £28,000 for the Far West Scheme.

**MEMORIES** of her own trip overseas were revived for Eileen Barry when she gave a farewell luncheon at Romano's for Pamela Barker, of Waverton. Pam sailed on board Fairsea and plans an indefinite stay overseas.

**SUCH** a large crowd of film-fans arrived at the Art Gallery for the Gallery Society's film night that extra seats had to be carried in from other rooms, and, even so, late arrivals had to stand along the walls. Fair-haired Shanny Stening arrived early wearing a coat of soft blue wool; Mrs. Gordon Wharton chose a classic coat of mulberry wool; Mrs. John Broinowski added a snood cap of glowing orange velvet to her fitted black wool suit.

**I MET** Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell Mein, of "Toolang," Coleraine, Vic., when they passed through Sydney last week on their way home from England. They left their eighteen-year-old daughter, Fleur, at Constance Spry's finishing school, "Wingfield Place," Windsor, which she has been attending for twelve months. And one of her fellow students last year was Ingrid Osborne, daughter of the Beresford Osbornes. Fleur goes to Paris in a few months to attend Madame Fleury's school, and when she returns home to Australia will study Fine Arts at Melbourne University.



**INTERESTING WEDDING.** Dr. and Mrs. Ron McKay leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Mrs. McKay, who was formerly Shirley Curton, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Curton, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Curton, wore a short-skirted dress of blue lace and a tucked jersey turban for the wedding. The McKays will live at Double Bay.



**ART ENTHUSIASTS** Andrew Grimwade and Sue Litchfield, of "Nunions," Cooma, at Russell Drysdale's and Donald Friend's exhibition at the Macquarie Galleries. Andrew purchased two of Drysdale's drawings for his collection.

**FIRSTNIGHTERS** planning to see "The Diary of Anne Frank," which opens at the Theatre Royal on Thursday, May 16, should be warned: to take along a good supply of handkerchiefs. I hear that the play is so moving that any visitors who sat in on rehearsals have been reduced to tears.

**SHORT-SKIRTED** dress of magnolia satin was chosen by Ella Redpath for her wedding at the Methodist Church, Mosman. Ella, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Redpath, of Dickson, Canberra, married Peter Keesing. The young couple will live at Narrabeen.

**GREAT** jubilation at St. Vincent's Hospital last week when the president of the centenary ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, was handed a cheque for £450 towards the ball expenses. Miss Kath Coboerft gave the cheque on behalf of the ladies' auxiliary at the hospital. The ball will be held at the Trocadero on August 6.

**FASHION NOTE** . . . Mrs. Jock Pagan's sweeping "formal" of palest pink heavy silk taffeta with a short train at the back. She wears it with a back-buttoned caraco jacket which has pink rosebuds round the high neck.

Anne



**"THE DOLL" OPENS IN LONDON.** In the foyer of the New Theatre, London, before the opening of "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," by Australian author Ray Lawler, are some of the author's Sydney friends (from left), Mrs. Mona Workman, Mrs. Morris West, James Workman, Mrs. John Bonney, Morris West, and John Bonney. This Australian play was received enthusiastically by London critics.



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### FRESH-AIR LOTION

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## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● The difficulties of teenage life and love sometimes seem to be too difficult altogether. This week's mailbag was just a pile of worry. But, believe it or not, problems are easier to understand as you get older.

HERE is the first letter:

"I AM 17 and I like a very nice boy whom my parents forbid me to go out with until they have seen him. I don't see why he should have to travel eight miles from his home to mine when I am quite willing to meet him on the bus and go out with him from there. I understand my parents' wanting to see him first, but I still think in one respect it is silly. Can they forbid me to go out with him if I want to? I don't want to go against my parents' wishes, but I still want to go out with him. What will I do?"

W.J., Vic.

Your parents are quite right, of course. They should meet the young man before you go out with him. Either he should call for you at home the first time he takes you out and be introduced to your parents then, or you could ask him to your home on some occasion beforehand.

I think it would be quite all right to have him call for you. After you have been out with him your parents may like you to ask him out again some time. If they do, I would ask some other young people with him if you can, so that it doesn't look like an "approval" party.

Parents' wishes in these instances seem irksome and hard to understand, but it's an old custom that pays big dividends.

Parents feel better about your going out and will, therefore, let you go out more, and you enjoy yourself more when you are out because your escort has their approval. And if they forbid you to see the young man after meeting him you'll be unhappy for a while, but it will pay you personally later on because you won't have got into something that is only to be broken up by parental authority later on.

Your parents have complete



## A word from Debbie . . .

To be a good secretary you must . . .

- Be on time each morning.
- Open mail and attach previous correspondence on the subject.
- Keep a record of appointments and messages taken in your supervisor's absence. Include date, time, and telephone number.
- Keep a record of visitors, time of visit, and subject where possible.
- Keep a record of correspondence routed to others and check off when returned.
- Keep a pad and pencil handy.
- Keep a list of names and telephone numbers of persons called frequently.
- Keep files in perfect order and your filing up to date.
- Never guess at your dictation. Ask the person dictating to repeat if you do not understand.
- Familiarise yourself with the names of officials of the company, department heads, and persons with whom you most frequently come in contact.

authority over you in this matter until you are 21 or you have been given a court's permission to leave home, so you must do as they say.

"I AM 16 and I am very fond of a boy who drinks heavily at the weekends. His boy-friends have parties every Saturday night and we always go. One Saturday we arrived at the party to find a girl he had often taken out had gate-crashed. He ignored her at first, but the more he drank the friendlier towards her he became and in the end went off with her. They were both very drunk and it is the first time I have seen him so bad. I left early with my girl-friend and her boy-friend and he didn't say goodnight to me. I don't drink or smoke and neither does my girl-friend. Everyone said he did not know what he was doing and he would be sorry afterwards. I know you will tell me I am

too young to be in with such a crowd, but I have tried to forget him and I can't. Should I accept his apology? I like him very much."

"Hurt and Heartbroken,"  
Vic.

Certainly accept his apology and go on liking him, but don't see him again, please. The party seems awful, and such a humiliation to you. It sounds horribly like a pattern that would be repeated over and over again if you continue to see him. You'll be much happier in the future if you don't see this boy again.

## TERRIFIED TEENAGER:

In answer to Question A. You should talk your problem over with a good doctor. Apart from that, refuse any such occasions or you will find yourself in a really unhappy situation.

Question B. No, this will not be revealed.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

WITH three new Tchaikovsky recordings on hand we may as well call this "I Like Tchaik Week." The first 12-inch LP (K.L.C.504) offers a performance, and a splendid one it is, too, of the Fourth Symphony in F Minor, a work which is gaining in popularity over the composer's Fifth and Sixth ("Pathétique") Symphonies.

This time it is played by the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy as conductor. I regard this as Tchaikovsky's most moving, and certainly most thrilling, symphony, and this disc would make a very worthwhile addition to your collection.

The Fourth was written in 1877, at just about the time when Madame von Meck, a

rich Moscow widow, fell under the spell of Tchaikovsky's work. She found out that he was in financial difficulties and then asked to be permitted to finance his career, but on the strange condition that they should never meet.

One would have thought that the prospect of ready cash would have cheered the melancholy composer, but if it did there is little evidence in this symphony, which is built on the Fate theme. There are glimpses of lightness, but on the whole this is dark music but enriched with some glorious Tchaikovsky melodies.

THE second LP (LXTA. 5186) brackets two well-known compositions, making it an essential buy if you collect

this composer's music: "Francesca da Rimini" and "Capriccio Italien." Tchaikovsky originally considered using Dante's story of Francesca's illicit love for her brother-in-law as the basis of an opera, but he later used it for this magnificent symphonic poem and also for a dramatic ballet.

The "Capriccio Italien" is in strong contrast, utilising strong cavalry music and snatches of popular Italian songs which Tchaikovsky heard on a holiday in Italy. In a letter to Mme von Meck he said, "The whole thing ought to prove successful." You'll know how right he was when you hear it played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Anthony Collins.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



# EVERY YEAR IS LEAP YEAR

By MURIEL ROY BOLTON

"WHEN'S the next leap year?" Barbara asked thoughtfully.

"Not for another three years, I think," her mother answered and looked questioningly across the breakfast table at her husband, who nodded without looking up from his paper.

Then he gave his daughter his full and startled attention. "Who are you kidding?" he asked sternly. "You don't need leap year to get yourself a beau."

"Charlie," his wife reminded him, "don't you remember? Barbara told us she was somewhat interested in her boss."

"Somewhat?" Barbara said bitterly. "I'm carrying a torch so high I look like an Olympic runner."

"What's the matter with him?" her father asked. "Married?"

"Of course not." Then she looked scared. "But it's a miracle somebody hasn't got him by now. He's got those quietly stern, yet smiling grey-blue eyes. Not just a plain grey-blue, but a very deep blue-grey . . ."

"Please! I'm eating!" her father protested. "If he's not married, what's the problem?"

"He just doesn't react to me," Barbara

confessed gloomily, and even she looked surprised, because most men reacted very satisfactorily.

"I used to have a boss who chased me around the office," Barbara's mother said, her tone a mixture of disgust and nostalgia.

"You must have had something I haven't got," Barbara said.

"Yes," her father agreed, "an athletic boss—letter man, no doubt."

"Of course, mine's awfully nice and polite to me, but he never thinks up reasons to work back at nights . . ." She sighed and idly mangled the egg on her plate without eating it. "If I could get through that office formality!" Barbara looked appealingly at her mother. "How do you show a man . . . tactfully . . . that you're in love with him?"

"Well, my mother used to sing beside my father in the choir and she'd leave one of her gloves in his pocket. Naturally, he'd have to take it to her."

"Why only one glove?" Barbara frowned. "Two would be obvious," her father told her.

"What did you do about Dad?" Barbara

To page 39

Barbara knew a little about orchids, but they were still an unknown quantity to her boss.



*cypripedium insigne  
sanderae*



# The extra passenger

A short story  
complete on this page

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

FROM the airport in Los Angeles, Donald Harris had just enough time to put in a long-distance call to his New York home, to tell his wife and his seven-year-old daughter Nancy that he had been able to get space on an earlier flight home.

The news was sheer delight to all of them, for Donald had been gone on his business trip nearly three weeks, and home and family could come none too soon.

"Daddy," his daughter Nancy said into the telephone, "are you bringing me a present?"

"You bet your sweet life," Donald said happily. "The biggest Teddy bear you ever saw."

"What's his name?"

Donald cursed himself for not realising in advance that to his daughter, who was at an age when she led a fabulous double life of ethereal imagination and scientific realism, all stuffed animals had names. He thought rapidly. Then he said, "His name's Marvin."

"That's a nice name," Nancy said. "Put him on."

"What?"

"I want to talk to Marvin." He cleared his throat. Then, in a piping falsetto, he said, "Hello, Nancy. This is Marvin." He knew that his wife was listening on the extension line in their home.

"Hello, Marvin," Nancy said. "Mommy, say hello to Marvin."

"Hello, Marvin," Mrs. Harris said. "Hello, Mommy," Donald-Martin said.

"Daddy," Nancy said, in an abrupt switch, "is your plane a non-stop?" "I'll call Daddy for you," Donald-Martin squeaked wearily. "Oh, Daddy!" He shifted his voice to normal. "Hi, Nan."

"Is your plane a non-stop?" "No," Donald said. "It stops at Chicago."

"Why?" "To get gas." "Nowadays planes can get gas from other planes while they're flying."

"Not this plane," Donald said. "I have to say goodbye now. See you in the morning."

He rang off, took his luggage to the counter, and checked it, looked hopelessly at the Teddy bear, and boarded the plane with two magazines under one arm and Marvin under the other.

A trim stewardess welcomed him aboard. She smiled when she saw the Teddy bear.

"You have your children with you, sir?"

"No," Donald said. "I'm alone."

"I see," the stewardess said, a little doubtfully.

Donald made his way to a window seat by the wing.

Then he saw that there was no rack, the cabin being convertible to sleeper space, and one look told him it would be impossible to fit the bear into the envelope containing the flight information packet in the seat-back in front of him. Donald sighed and placed Marvin on his lap.

After a short time, an elderly gentleman came and sat down next to Donald. "Maloney's my name," he said, sticking out his hand.

"I am Donald Harris," Donald said.



As Donald boarded the plane, a trim stewardess greeted him with a smile. "You have your children with you?" she asked, looking at the Teddy bear.

"Is that a Teddy bear you have on your lap?"

"Yes." "You live long enough, you see everything," Maloney said.

Night closed fast once the flight was air-borne, and the passengers settled themselves for sleep. The stewardess brought Donald Harris a blanket, and the pilot, co-pilot, and flight engineer all took turns coming back into the cabin to get a look at the man with the Teddy bear.

Dozing fitfully to the steady drumming of the motors, Donald became aware some time during the night of someone staring at him steadily. He opened his eyes. Peeking over the seat in front of him was the face of a small boy.

In the darkness, Donald could not make out his features, but he was conscious of the yearning in the eyes. Why not? he said to himself. It's the Teddy bear. Maybe he'd like to hold him for a while.

He grinned and thrust Marvin the Teddy bear forward and upward, and a pair of small, willing, hungry arms took over from there.

When he awoke, to the accompaniment of the dawn and the droning of the engines, Donald crept past the form of Mr. Maloney, his sleeping seat-mate, and made his

way back to the lounge for a cigar. The stewardess was there.

"Hello," she said, and smiled. "You're Mr. Harris. You're nice."

"Why, thank you," Donald said. "I believe I may fly this airline more often."

"If you could see that little boy sleeping with his Teddy bear," the stewardess said fondly. "His mother woke up during the night, and I told her you'd let the little boy hold the bear. I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but she cried a little."

"She cried?" The stewardess nodded. "You didn't see them when they boarded the plane?"

Donald shook his head. "She's Japanese," the stewardess broke in. "Married an American while he was stationed over there, and he sent for her and their son. Ten thousand miles. That's quite a trip. Especially when you don't know what kind of reception you might get."

Donald thought for a time. Then he said, "How old is the little boy?"

"Three."

"He hasn't made a sound," Donald said. "Hasn't bothered anybody, hasn't said a word, the whole trip. He was just looking at the bear. That's all." He fell silent again.

"Look," he said at last, "we'll be getting in before too long, and if I just stayed back here for a while, maybe you could . . . well, I'm . . . I make a rotten speech. But maybe you could tell the lady that the bear is . . ."

He gestured with his hand. "Well, it's a present. Something to say hello, and . . ." he gestured again . . . "and we're glad you're here with us in this country."

The stewardess looked at him, and her voice dropped to a whisper. "I think," she said, "that's wonderful!"

Nancy Harris was waiting for her father as he came down the steps from the plane. He swept her into his arms for an exhilarating hug. "Well!" he said. "Where's Mommy?"

"Just finishing parking the car," Nancy said. "We just got here. We . . ."

Her voice trailed off, and Donald turned and saw her looking at the little boy now coming off the plane with the big Teddy bear in his arms. The look that passed between them, the seven-year-old American girl and the three-year-old Japanese-American boy, was instant and yet complete, swift and yet absolute.

Nancy turned in her father's arms and looked at him.

"You gave him to that little baby boy," Nancy said, almost matter-of-factly.

"Yes," Donald said. "He's new in this country, and he's come a long way . . ."

"And he doesn't have toys, probably," Nancy said. "I have lots of other toys."

"This is some daughter I've got right here," Donald said, and they went inside and found Mrs. Harris coming towards them. Donald set his daughter down and hugged his wife, and the three of them set off for the baggage room.

It was not until the luggage had been collected that his wife remembered, "The Teddy bear! Where is it?"

"Not it, Mommy," Nancy said. "Him. His name's Marvin."

Donald cleared his throat. His wife said to him, "All right. Where's Marvin?"

Nancy looked up at her parents and smiled. "Never mind, Mommy. Next time Daddy's going to fly in a non-stop plane."

"What," her mother said, "has that got to do with anything?"

Nancy shrugged. "Marvin got off at Chicago."

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# THE LONGEST NIGHT

Concluding instalment of  
our dramatic suspense serial  
**BY URSULA CURTISS**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

CAROLINE EMMETT, convalescing on a solitary holiday at Wicklow, a small English town, becomes lost in an evening fog and near a disused quarry overhears a murderous struggle in which a woman is killed. The unseen murderer pursues her and sees her face in a torch beam. Caroline finds shelter in a lonely house whose inhabitants are MRS. OLIVER; her son, HENRY; school-daughter, LYDIA; and widowed invalid daughter, JULIE MUIR.

Caroline knows death waits outside, for she is the living witness, but events in the house frighten her too. She dislikes MR. CLIVE, a next-door neighbor, who finds the dead body of Duke, a dog belonging to a retired nurse, MISS MAYBERRY, who has the upstairs flat. The dog's head had been battered in.

Caroline tells her story to the local police and newspaper editor, JAMES CARMICHAEL, who starts investigations on his own. He is sure the dead woman is LAURA WHITE, a nurse who had once been employed at an exclusive nursing home, Traverton House, at Wicklow, and is convinced there is some link between her death and the recent suicide of a woman called MARY TRENT, as he finds a newspaper cutting about this in Laura White's possessions at MRS. GILL'S guest-house. He also learns that Julie had been a patient at Traverton House.

From his assistant, MORTON, who knows all the local gossip, Carmichael gets the name he is positive will supply the missing link. NOW READ ON:

THREE o'clock . . . Caroline Emmett again wondered how she had the strength to go on sitting up and not to fall into the sanctuary of sleep her body longed for so desperately.

Miss Mayberry had been the first to retire, pausing before Caroline to say thoughtfully: "Head any better? Take my advice and lie down for a while. I can give you something to make you sleep if you want, but in the circumstances I don't suppose . . ." She looked reflective.

"No," said Caroline vehemently, and was surprised at how much she missed that brusque and somehow thrusting presence when the plaid dressing-gown had disappeared from view.

Mrs. Oliver, watching her go, said apologetically: "Do you know, I think I'll go into my room and close my eyes for a few minutes. Not really sleep, but just rest for a while."

"Why don't you?" said Caroline, and then felt her heart sing a little. Safe, said Carmichael's remembered voice, as long as you're surrounded by people

Lydia and Julie deep in sleep, Miss Mayberry withdrawn, Mrs. Oliver poised briefly at her bedroom door and sending back that half-guilty glance before she closed it behind her: there was no reason to think of it all as a slow, calculable process of elimination. Besides, thought Caroline firmly, the house was locked and bolted against the swishing night that pressed against the window-panes, and Henry Oliver sat reading in the armchair across the room.

He was reading, wasn't he? The silent room with its peacock-colored walls, the shadow of a table lying obliquely on the rug, Henry's bent head and motionless legs seemed suddenly and frighteningly one-dimensional, a painted scene to fool a child.

"Henry," said Caroline, under the sidling approach of panic, and the dropped eyelids flickered, then were suddenly wide open.

"Sorry." He sat forward, rubbing his face wearily. When he lifted his head again his voice sounded blurred and drowsy: "Nearly—dozed off. Get us something to drink, shall I? Ginger ale?"

"Oh, don't bother," said Caroline. "Or I can get it." He was sleepy, almost to swaying point. "Perhaps some coffee?" she said hopefully, but he was already past her and on his way to the kitchen with the earnest, dedicated gait of a sleepwalker.

Mrs. Oliver had made up the couch and folded a blanket temptingly at the foot; Caroline looked at it with mingled dread and longing. Her body begged for sleep, her mind recoiled from the vulnerability of it. She had nearly slept before, and only one last waking sentinel in her brain had warned her to twist her head out of the obliterating path of a stone.

She sat in the flowered armchair, waiting for Henry and blindly, instinctively refusing the couch, and gradually the tired gold light and the little corner shadows began to tangle and swell and become something else: a tiny glowing box at the bottom of a huge wet, black vortex.

In the box, a puppet, helpless because its strings had been cut and pressed to the other end of the vortex as though it were a telescope, a killer's eye, shining and icy, full of a bald necessity to reach down into the toy box and smash the puppet. There was a voice behind the eye, horribly confidential; it said in peculiar accents: "Here's your ginger ale."

Starting, Caroline gazed up at Henry Oliver and took the cold, tinkling glass in her hand. The liquid in it tasted fiercely of gin. She glanced at him again in mild surprise, and oddly, solemnly, Henry winked. Or was she still caught in the distorting half dream? But she wasn't, because Henry raised his own glass, drank, and said with a secret-sharing air: "Tried to catch your eye long ago, but the family's a little bit touchy on the subject. All gone to sleep now, so here's to . . . whatever 'propriate toast you can think of . . ."

The voice she had thought was slurred with sleep, the very faint sway she had attributed to exhaustion—he sat down with grave certainty, and Caroline looked at him with forced detachment and thought hard. The pale, bubbling glass had hardly been out of his hand all night. Would that make it five, six drinks, all as merrily laced as this? And had he had time, just now, to make an initial drink, down it and replenish his glass before coming in?

He must have, because she—or Mrs. Oliver or Miss Mayberry—would have noticed something wrong before this. Unless he was one of those drinkers who went quietly along to saturation point and then sank with hardly a ripple.

Was this what Henry looked so bored and bitter about—this hidden weakness that a night of crisis had brought out in its full strength?

Oh, heavens, thought Caroline drearily; it was like having a last crutch knocked cruelly from under your hand. She glanced at the clock and then again at Henry, who had his head back against the chair and was contentedly studying the ceiling.

A quarter past three. If she could only get him talking, keep him talking







As something caught Caroline viciously on the shoulder and sent her spinning to the ground, a whisper, close above her, babbled indistinguishable words.

Had that pale, driven eye at the top of the black vortex been waiting for exactly this?

The night was, according to compared notes later, a restless one; whether because of the in-and-out rain or the changing wind or some caprice of the cloud-drowned moon, people slept in fits and starts.

In the big Victorian house on Pepper Street, Mrs. Gill, who had retired shortly after Carmichael's visit to inquire about her lodger Laura White, awoke uneasily again at shortly after midnight. True on Mr. Simms' testimony, Miss White had returned to her room at about seven-thirty, but Mr. Simms' hearing was a chancy thing, to say the least.

And a celebrity, Carmichael had hinted . . . what ghastly publicity if anything had happened to the woman. Not that it could, in a dead little town like Wicklow, but still—

Reluctantly and after a long war with her plump, comfortable flesh, Mrs. Gill forced herself out of bed and into her dressing-gown, and out on to the dimly lit hall. Surprisingly a door whipped open and elderly Miss Batchelor who lived in fear or possibly in hope of fire and a fireman's ladder, said alertly: "Is anything wrong, Mrs. Gill?"

Miss Batchelor had been her lodger for five years and was therefore in the position of a confidante. Mrs. Gill whispered guardedly and had her worries instantly stilled.

"Oh, she's in, all right," said Miss Batchelor with a meaning toss of her head, "and I daresay she'll have a headache in the morning. The trouble she had with her key—scratch, scratch all round the lock—I almost came out to help, but you know what they are when they're like that."

Mrs. Gill went back to bed, soothed but surprised. Funny, she thought. In the years since she had taken over the boarding-house she had seen a number of people come and go, and Miss White hadn't looked like a woman to return to her room fumblingly drunk. But, then, she hadn't looked like a celebrity, either; she had merely looked unhappy and keyed-up and—wasn't this silly?—a little frightened.

Mr. Clive had not been to sleep at all when the church bells chimed three; he was, as he had been ever since his life was abruptly emptied by the deaths of his wife and step-

son, consumed by curiosity over his neighbors.

This was not merely idle wonder; circumstances had made it as essential a craving as hunger or thirst. Details of other people's existences to muse over, to condemn or approve or merely speculate upon, had become like a third bodily need, and the goings-on at the next-door house made an unexpected banquet.

The girl over there was in some kind of trouble, no matter how they all tried to cover it up. It was certainly she who had been pounding so frantically on his door when he returned from his stroll up the road. And she had flown down the steps again as though the devil were after her.

Had she killed the little dog in some violent fit of aberration? She hadn't looked quite normal; in fact, she had looked at screaming-point, as though she were terrified of him, a total stranger, innocently returning a dropped handkerchief. And perhaps he had stared, trying to track down that elusive resemblance to his dead wife. The eyes, was it—the dark, vivid glance that had looked at him so often from under Hester's level brows?

Clive turned on his back, his curiosity suddenly wiped away, and lay staring emptily at the empty dark.

"Henry?" said Caroline urgently. But it was no use. His fingers had slipped loosely away from his emptied glass, his head-back attitude of contemplation had relaxed until his chin nearly touched his shoulder. He was so deeply asleep that it was impossible to imagine his ever stirring again—only not asleep, thought Caroline, briefly angry. Out cold.

Not that, apart from this chilled feeling of being utterly alone in the dangerous night, it changed anything. The house was still locked and secure, the curtains drawn; no one could know how vulnerable—

Oh, heavens, thought Caroline, feeling it like a flash of heat over her whole body, we left the locking-up to Henry.

Six doors, someone had said. Had he really turned all those keys and shot all those bolts, or had he only thought so? Or, with the casual fearlessness of the very drunk, had he put the whole process down to female vaporings and decided not to bother?

It was nearly a quarter-to-four; in a little over an hour the darkness would begin to thin. Surely no one, however desperate,

could have waited through those long black hours . . . Into Caroline's mind, like a prod, came the image of her handbag slung with infinite menace from the front door knob, the half-smoked packet of cigarettes, notched with such mechanical patience . . .

She would have to make sure of the doors herself.

For no reason she could analyse, the deep-bound silence of the house was something she did not dare to break; was it because sounds made in the small hours seemed to set off a tiny chain-reaction of other sounds? Caroline stepped out of her shoes and walked carefully on silent bare feet into the shadowy dining-room.

Check the barn entrance first, and then work backwards.

The kitchen smelt of gin and the tap was dripping; Caroline tightened it automatically, wiped up a pool of gin on the draining-board and looked at the door leading to the barn. The hook was dangling. She made herself open it on a sudden breath of cool damp air, found the light switch, and went down the short green-walled passage that ended at the door to the barn proper. It was locked.

One, thought Caroline.

The kitchen door beside the window where the bushes tapped . . . two. Back through the dining-room now, to the door through which she had pretended to slip out into Carmichael's car, and by which the police had entered after their search. It locked, she remembered, with a pivoting block of wood—but where?

She sent a hand over the wall of the tiny back hall and found a switch, half-buried under clothing on hooks, that turned on the outside lamp. Light streamed in from the two small panes at the top of the door—and there was the block of wood already in place. Three . . .

Behind her in the corner, narrow-mouthed, turning a sharp angle in shadow, was the entrance to the back staircase. How nice, thought Caroline, that this particular door had been locked. And that finished this end of the house.

She put out a mechanical hand for the switch, not looking, and caught a cuff of fabric instead. An overcoat came slithering down at her feet, and, startling in the drowsing silence of the house, a wire hanger bounced clatteringly to the floor.

Well, that was one way of waking the house.

Caroline bent and put the overcoat, Henry's, back on the fallen hanger, already placing the other doors in her mind. Front door in the living-room, separate entrance to Miss Mayberry's flat, facing the street—where was the sixth?

And what was this, driving the breath out of her lungs with its lazy hollow, outward swing, turning her instantly sick with cold?

Her memory showed it to her even before she drew out what was attached to that limp and oddly rubbery sleeve, and stared through the tattered pale-gold light at the upside-down L that even now stood out blackly on the beige plaid lining of the front right-hand flap.

It hadn't been a trick of shadow after all; it was a tear, the tiny detail that had bothered the back of her mind when she described it. A fold, she had thought, but somehow her mind had retained the image of that angling line of black.

The raincoat.

Worn briefly out to kill, and returned to intimacy here under an overcoat, a suede jacket, a trench coat. No one from outside could have entered through a locked door, or taken the time to remove those other garments from the hook, place this one on a hanger, bury it again.

No one from outside . . .

This time she found the switch at once, plunging the little hall and the rubbery horror into darkness again. On soft bare feet, binding herself to an icy unthinking calm, she started back through the house into which she had gratefully barricaded herself with a murderer.

Her shoes.

There they were, in the shadow of the couch, where for one blind instant she hadn't been able to see them.

Very quietly, almost casually, Caroline entered the blue sitting-room. Some buried knowledge of herself enabled her to limit her brain to cool one-by-one thoughts. Put on your shoes. Walk to the front door aimlessly, as though everything is just as it was, and then, then open it and run.

One shoe on . . . Like Laura White. Now the other—

Somewhere in the house, the secret animation of old wood or the equally sly touch of a human hand eased a door open, creakingly. Caroline turned her head gently and looked at Henry Oliver, and met with terrifying all-over shock, a shining glimmer from between the lids she had thought were closed.

"I'm all right," said Henry earnestly, and



**Her husband knew that even off the stage Karla couldn't stop acting, but this time it seemed too real.**

**By JOSEPH CARROLL**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

# RENO BOUND

**F**LORRIE FAIR was buffing her fingernails, though they were already blinding with carmine brilliance, but her eyes were fixed with affectionate impatience on Duncan Webb, who sat across the living-room from her, marking grades on college English term papers. Florrie's affection was as real as her impatience.

She was fond of her grandson-in-law, as she was likely to be of any man of comeliness and humor, and Duncan had those abundantly. She admired his middle-aged graces: the good head of dark hair salted with white, the lively eyes, the long, nervous fingers inky and tobacco-stained.

Where his wife, Karla, was concerned Duncan was something of a mutt, and Florrie meant to tell him so. Karla was Florrie's granddaughter, and only living kin; Florrie loved her, but believed that she needed an occasional kick for the good of her soul, never more so than now.

The room they sat in, Florrie thought, was very like Karla: it was attractive without having any right to be. It was all this way and that, with appointments impartially representing many periods, from colonial to modern. It reflected Karla's inability to settle on any one taste, her mind being an anthology of excellent but disordered fragments.

"In the most grandmotherly spirit, Webb," said Florrie, "and with the privileged snoopiness of advanced years, may I ask what on earth is the matter with Karla?"

Florrie's years were indeed considerable, but they had fared worse at her hands than she at theirs, for she circumvented them with all the artifices of commerce. An apprentice assayer would not have needed a second look at the gold of her hair, and the bloom of cheek would have been suspect on an Alpine peasant girl. Only the figure was all her own and there was enough of it to go around. But her vitality unified all the commodity charms into a real, an overwhelming handsomeness.

She had survived two husbands, the second of whom left her well off; she had been indolently in love with both of them, and bereaved by both losses. But she found life too interesting to make a career of grief.

The marriages had been agreeable incidents—no more—and Florrie always went by her own name—or, rather, the name she had used as a musical-comedy actress years before, and used it so long that she had all but forgotten what she was originally called. She was Florette Fair—Florrie to her friends—and it had been an important name in a day when electricity was first replacing gas in the footlights.

At this moment she was dressed for the evening in a gown that glittered like a marquee; she was like the Gilbert-and-Sullivan moon in that her light was borrowed, but like it also in that she lit up well.

Duncan either had not heard her question or chose not to answer it. She repeated, "What on earth is the matter with Karla?"

"The matter with Karla?" he said absently. Then he saw the earnestness with which Florrie was regarding him; Florrie who conscientiously avoided being earnest about anything. He smiled, shook his head and made an effort to answer in the persiflage that had become a habit with him and his grandmother-in-law. They were fellow spirits, both easy with laughter. "Do you mean with her morals?"

"You know perfectly well I don't mean her morals. They're as good as mine, which is saying a lot more than you might think. Webb, as many an old buster of a bygone day could tell you, who thought that enough champagne at supper after the show would make me—what-d'ye-call-it?"

"Amenable to his importunities?" suggested Duncan. The anxiety cleared from his eyes a little; he was always entertained by Florrie's nostalgic digressions, and he badly needed entertainment.

"You took the words out of my mouth," Florrie said. "But I could put the stuff away by the jeroboam and still tell them to lay off the importunities. But you can't trick me into an instalment of my memoirs, Webb. I want to know about Karla. Considering that I live here I certainly catch up with the news long after press time. Of course, I haven't been around much, being so much in demand socially. And that's partly my own choosing. An old woman like me doesn't like to be underfoot, you know." She paused, waiting for the protest she knew would come.

"As if you could be, Florrie," Duncan said. He scuffed his toe in the carpet and added in a boy's falsetto, "Why, shucks, you're the nicest old granny a kid could have, and—"

"All right, all right, Webb. My limitations as a grandmother are the scandal of the neighborhood, and I like it that way. The day you catch me dozing by the fire and scratching the tabby's ear, kindly apply chloroform."

She glanced at the clock over the fireplace. "I don't have much time, Webb. I'm going out with an old gaffer I used to know. Best soft-shoe dancer in the business. He seems to be having a second youth, and I mean to have the benefit of it before it turns to second childhood. But I'll stand him up if I have to—and you'll have granny on your hands the whole evening, unless you tell me about you and Karla. I'll get out the sampler I'm working on, and you'll have to think up a motto for me to stitch in."

Duncan was again briefly diverted from his unhappiness. "I'm a storehouse of mottoes," he said. "How about 'Save at the spigot and waste at the bung'? 'Many a mickle makes a muckle'?"

Florrie was herself diverted. "What's a muckle?"

"Something you get from mickles," Duncan said. "In some parts of the country they grow wild—"

Florrie, with a lightness her size did not warrant, left her chair and crossed to him. Gently, she cupped his chin in her hand.

"You're sparring, Webb, and I almost let you get away with it. Now come off it. We'll spoof another time, and we're both acknowledged experts at it." She drew up an ottoman and sat in front of him.

"Karla told me she's going to Reno for a divorce. She timed it exactly right to avoid an argument. On her way to the theatre in the usual breathless rush, and no time for me to do anything but gape. Is that straight, Webb? Is she really going to divorce you?"

He nodded sadly. "I'm to sign a power of attorney—whatever that is—tomorrow. She'll take off for Reno the day after. The play closes tonight, you know."

"I know," Florrie said. "But, Webb, this is wicked nonsense. Do you want a divorce?"

He took her hands in his. "You know I don't, Florrie. I love the ridiculous creature."

"Then why don't you stop her?"

Duncan let his papers drop to the floor. He stood up and walked to the wide window and looked out over the rooftops of night-time Manhattan. "I'm confused, Florrie. For the first time in my life with Karla, I'm confused. I didn't believe it could happen, and I pushed my luck. You know how Karla is always play-acting, offstage as well as on."

"I know," said Florrie dryly.

"The stage is too small for Karla; she needs all life to act in. But I've seen her through her little flings before, and there was never much to them. Some young chap was always mooning around, after having seen her in a play or a film. She could never resist giving the lads a bit of a come-on, but there was no harm in it. When they got troublesome she'd look to me for help. I'd talk to them like an uncle and one way or another get rid of them."

Florrie watched him compassionately. She touched his head gently and said, "Isn't it the same thing now, Webb? More play-acting?"

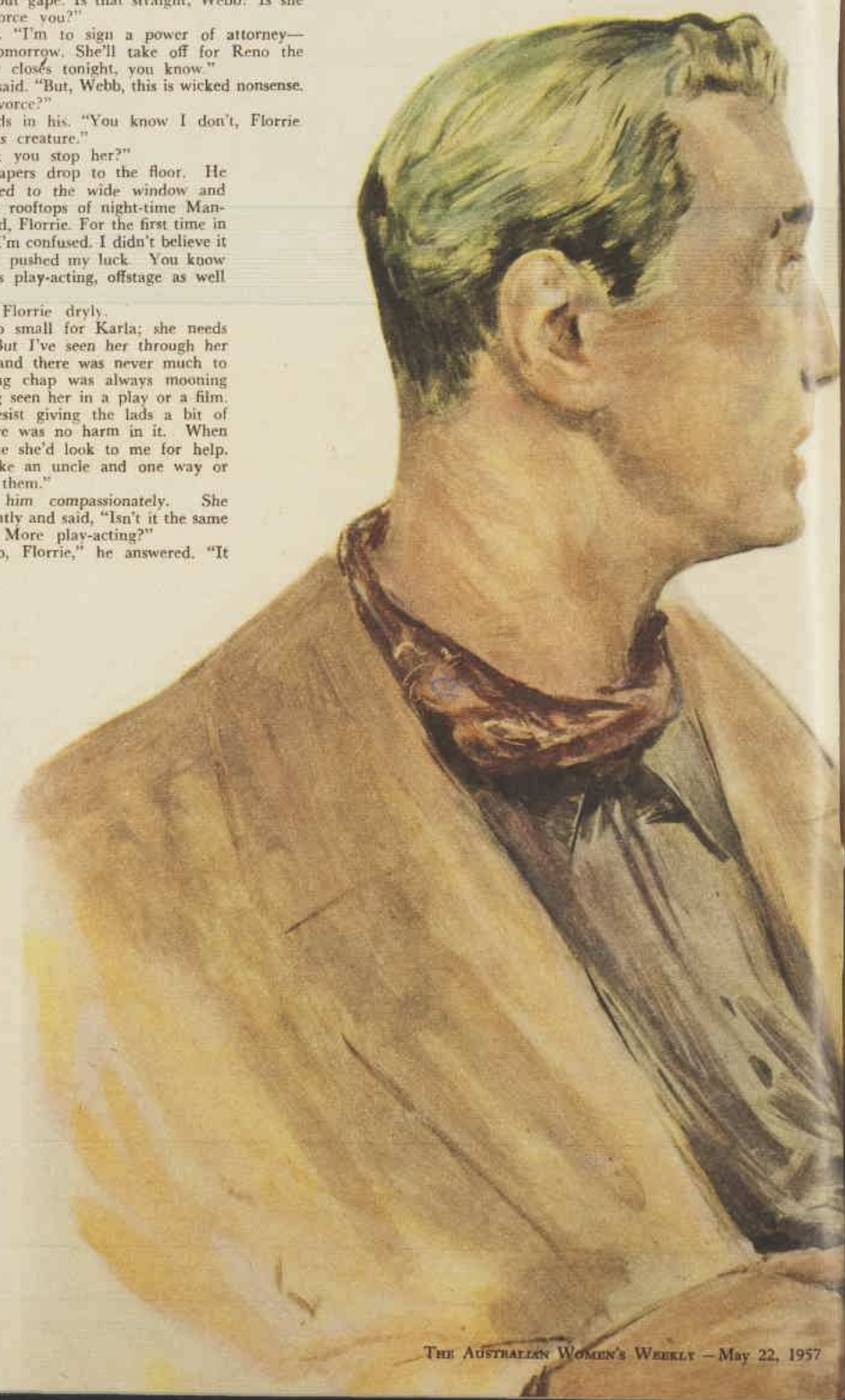
"I don't think so, Florrie," he answered. "It

started out that way, and, as usual, I thought it was pretty funny. You saw the play, didn't you? The one that's closing?"

A little haughtily, Florrie said, "Many times. Long before Karla was born. She's darn good in it, too. Blast her. Ibsen isn't everybody's tippie, but I've always liked the old cross-patch. But what does the play have to do with this divorce nonsense?"

Duncan laughed, almost merrily, even through the sadness of his mood. "You haven't been around much when Karla is starting rehearsals on a play. It has to be seen to be believed. She acts the part all the time. It's as real as life to Karla. Well, you know what happens in the Ibsen thing."

Florrie looked scornful. "You're fooling, Webb. You mean Karla is walking out on you because the girl in the play walks out on her husband?"





## A sophisticated story of a woman who finally found the true values in marriage

"Yes and no. She's still acting, but she's in earnest, too. The acting part is funny. She even tried to slam the door when she left tonight, and very frustrating it must have been, because ours doesn't slam. It's on slow hinges and the sill is cushioned." He laughed again. "You should have seen her when she was playing Lady Macbeth."

Florrie eyed him reproachfully. "Now, Webb, you're not going to tell me she tried to coax you into murdering the dean of the English department and smearing the janitors with blood so you could get his job?"

"Oh, no," said Duncan, still laughing, "she didn't go that far. But she went around a good deal of the time as though she were walking in her sleep, and making washing motions with her hands. It caused people to stare, but I'm used to that with Karla. Marriage with her has been like being in an orchestra seat for a theatre festival that's never over. She has many minds, like Shakespeare."

Florrie said crossly, "Then I wish she would pick one out and use it. Divorce, eh? What makes you so sure it isn't play-acting and nothing more?"

Duncan shook his head regretfully. "It's serious this time, Florrie. She's acted herself into reality—or as close to reality as Karla ever gets. There's another man."

"But there were other men before."

"This one is different, Florrie. She always let me meet the others—insisted on it, in fact. But this one she refuses to let me meet."

Florrie was interested. "Won't let you meet him, eh? I wonder why? You'd think it would be part of the drama. Who is he?"

Duncan said, "He's only a name to me. Evans Talbot. He's young—or, anyway, younger than I am. And he's what the newspapers call a scion. Old family, though why one family is considered older than another, I've never known. Respectable amount of money, which wouldn't interest Karla, because she has a sockful herself. For all I know, he may be a good sort."

"No," said Florrie, whose loyalties were simple and indivisible.

"Well, I don't know, Florrie. Karla makes him sound—oh, priggish. But I can't tell how much comes from him and how much is her own dramatics. Evans—so she tells me—takes her seriously. The idea being, of course, that I don't."

"Who could?" said Florrie.

"That could be watered-down Ibsen, but I'm not sure. She told me that she has only been the plaything of my idle hours."

Florrie clucked her tongue. "Were they so idle, Webb? You should have got a move on."

Duncan blushed, for Florrie's manner of speech sometimes broke down even his sophistication. "But there's more to it than that, Florrie. This Talbot has convinced Karla that she is too rare

a spirit for the coarse world of the theatre. He's going to take her away from it all."

Florrie's eyes widened. "Karla away from the theatre? I don't believe it."

He nodded. "That's what she tells me. Evans Talbot has discovered that she is all soul, and he's going to develop it. Well, Karla has a soul, of course, and a very nice one, too. I never thought it needed developing, so I never tried."

Florrie laughed, and looked at him with new tenderness. "From the first minute I saw you, Webb, I knew you were the pick of the basket. And if I don't know anything else,

I know men. I ought to, I've made a lifelong and, as you might say, clinical study of them."

He grinned his thanks.

"Now then," she said, again glancing at the clock, "time's awasting. What are you going to do about Karla?"

Duncan shrugged disconsolately. "What can I do? Apart from pride—which, though you may not credit it, is a factor—I can't fight an adversary I haven't even met. And the chances of meeting him are slim. Also, I've seen the last of Karla, I'm afraid. She's staying at a hotel tonight, and she'll be off to Reno the day after tomorrow."

Then with a rue smile he added bitterly, "More than that, by what in all charity we must consider a coincidence, Mr. Evans Talbot is going to Nevada, too. He has a friend who owns a ranch near Reno. And while Karla is establishing her residence, he'll be visiting the friend. Karla will be at one of those guest-ranch places, but I think we can say that Evans will have the advantage of propinquity. I can't possibly ask for leave of absence. They couldn't find a substitute at such short notice. All this apart, as I say, from pride."

"How deep is the pride, Webb?" she asked as she put on her wrap. "You can't go to Reno, but I can. Will your pride stand that?"

He covered his eyes with his hand and did not answer at once. Then he looked up at her and smiled. "It will stand that. I trust you, Florrie. But will you play fair? You'll see them together, and you'll have to forget your feeling for me. If the man is—a good egg, you know, if he seems good

To page 41

As Karla rocked, helpless with laughter, Florrie watched Evans, who appeared stunned by the outburst.





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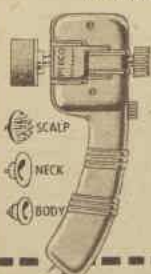
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## Letters from our Readers

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

A QUICK survey of recent motor accidents shows that telegraph and electricity poles are a major factor leading to death and injury in road smashes. When a vehicle gets out of control and leaves the road it often seems to head for the nearest solid object—usually these poles. Is it necessary to have these poles so close to traffic lanes? In the country, especially, a motorist feels he is driving along a cramped avenue of limbless trees. Surely if these poles were "planted" at a more reasonable distance from the road they would give skidding cars greater opportunity to make a happy landing—and perhaps save a few lives.

£1/1/- to Miss R. Munday, Marshall St., New Lamb-  
ton, N.S.W.

I AM a progressive dresser with a "Caesar" haircut. I have desert boots, bobtail ties, drain-pipe trousers, a duffle jacket, and a pink shirt. But I am NOT a bodgie, because I do not carry a bike-chain or any other weapon and I do not indulge in any type of lawless activity. I associate with progressive-dressing girls, but they are not widgees. I would like to point out to readers that there is a vast difference between progressive dressers and bodgies and widgees. I, too, hate the actions of the nincompoop bodgies, but I think it's time someone gave people like myself a break.

10/6 to "P.D." (name supplied), Perth.

WALKING through one of our large stores today, I was surprised to see comfortable chairs had been installed in some departments for the benefit of customers. It is 20 years since this same shop removed all such chairs, on the grounds that pressure of business was too great to encourage leisurely shopping. If buyer resistance has brought them to this stage, who knows? We may live to see again the golden age when the customer is always right.

10/6 to "Transmitter" (name supplied), Wayville, S.A.

SURELY it is time the law was changed to allow the adoption of abandoned children without the consent of their parents. Those parents, irresponsible and heartless enough to leave their babies, should not be allowed to stand in the way of children being taken into homes where they would be loved and cherished. After allowing parents a reasonable time to come forward—say three months—adoption should be legalised without their consent.

10/6 to "S.M.C." (name supplied), Red Hill South, Vic.

RECENTLY I heard on the radio the news that the South African Government has passed a law declaring it illegal for natives to worship in the same church as the whites. We are taught that all men are equal, so obviously the men responsible for this law are not real Christians. I hope the Australian Government never disgraces this country by forbidding aborigines to worship in the same church as people who are a little lighter in color.

10/6 to Michael Kenny, 14 Sturt St., Murray Bridge, S.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best  
letter of the week as well as  
10/6 for every other letter pub-  
lished on this page. Letters  
must be the writers' original  
work and not previously pub-  
lished. Preference will be given  
to letters signed for publication.

### Why not swap books?

I DISAGREE with Miss E. Butler (1/5/57) when she suggests toy swap shops be established in all capital cities. When I was a child, I thought my world had come to an end when my faithful "teddy bear" was missing, and no new toy would comfort me. Children don't need many toys to keep them happy, and their favorite is usually the oldest and most battered of their collection. A much better idea would be a book swap shop for those too young to join a library.

10/6 to Miss E. L. Brown, 50 Goodwood Rd., Redfern, S.A.

### Drive-in churches

MRS. M. GILLESPIE (1/5/57) suggests drive-in churches to help young parents attend services without the worry of their young children disturbing other worshippers. That is a good idea, but I think we already have the solution. We are parents of young children, and are able to attend church regularly because the church has a baby-minding centre. This is supervised by 16 couples who are on duty once every four months.

10/6 to J. Pemble, 16 Manning Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

WE are a family of seven, and our evening meals were becoming disjointed affairs. One or two people were always up from the table, getting a glass of water or the jam or the honey, or else I was scurrying round serving second helpings. So my husband hit upon the idea of appointing a steward for the meal. Now Dad and each child, except the two little ones, take turns at being steward, a title which seemed to click with the kiddies, who carry out the job quite cheerfully. Duties include clearing away used plates, bringing on the deserts for me to serve, making the tea, and any other jobs requiring getting up from the table. Everyone else must remain seated and politely ask the steward for whatever he wants. The scheme works well, and the meals are much more pleasant and orderly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Wilkinson, 25 Hovea Cres., City Beach, W.A.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

IT worries me when I read about the troubles of egg-producers.

I am a great lover of eggs.

Apart from the delicious stuff inside them, they are a wonderful job of natural packaging.

The egg comes to you in a handy size, hygienically wrapped in an attractive, easily opened individual shell.

Moreover, you can write on an egg, which is more than you can do on meat or fish.

Children behave better at breakfast if given personalised boiled eggs with their names written on them.

I have eaten eggs in almost every way except by sucking them.

This practice seems to have been common in our grandmother's day, as there is said to be no need to teach one's grandmother to suck eggs. But I don't go for the idea.

A popular dish at our place is called a flip-flop egg.

To make this you cut a piece of toast into small pieces. Then you

### EGGSTASY

scoop a boiled egg out of the shell and mix it with the toast.

Flip-flop eggs are easy to eat for persons who are not quite old enough to deal with an ordinary boiled egg.

The only fault of the classic boiled egg is that it leads to arguments.

Persons who want soft-boiled



ones may get hard-boiled ones, and vice versa.

There is also a conflict at our place between those who like hats and those who like doors.

A hat is the top of a boiled egg when it is cut right off.

A door is the top when it has a little hinge left so you can lift it up and down.

I am a hat man myself, though I can see the door people's point of view.

Egg-cups are another source of dissension, especially ones with faces on them.

We had one with a grinning face, called George, that caused so many rows that I threw it out.

Eggs reached their peak of prestige, I suppose, during the wartime shortage.

Once I was a humble trainee at an Air Force station in Scotland.

I was queuing for breakfast in the mess when, to my amazement, I saw a boiled egg in front of me.

I grabbed it and was sneaking away when a W.A.A.F. sergeant bawled out:

"Come back! You've taken a pilot's egg!"

You don't have to be a pilot now to get an egg, thank goodness. You only need a steady income.

Here's to cheaper eggs and a happier future for egg-farmers—and, if possible, hens.



# FOUR EXPERT ARRANGEMENTS

• *Flowers are not essential for lovely decoration. These arrangements by famous English expert Constance Spry show some of the effects that can be gained when flowers are scarce.*



**WOODLAND TROPHY**, bark, moss, and various fungi combined with brown heather. "Bits and pieces" like these could be gathered on a walk in the bush, or even in outer suburbs.



**UNUSUAL ARRANGEMENT** features nerines enriched by their setting of brilliant, deep-toned leaves of decorative beetroot and blending purple brussels sprouts.



**LEFT:** Grey driftwood is used as the base of this arrangement of dried bracken, fern, grasses, seed-heads, and gourds.

**ABOVE:** Part of a fruit-and-flower centerpiece of grapes and aubergine with nerines, hydrangeas, kale leaves, and gerberas.





## Turning this page could wind your watch

If you are wearing a self-winding Swiss watch, the normal movement of your wrist provides all the winding power it needs. This keeps the main-spring under constant tension, the jewelled lever ticking perfectly.

The principle of the self-winding watch is another of time's many miracles from the watchmakers of Switzerland. These artisans, with their more than 300-year-old heritage of fine watchmaking, have perfected the art of keeping you smartly ahead of time.

You will see this in the wide variety of Swiss watches that serve you in so many ways. In chronographs that split seconds, measure

sound, speed and distance. In watches sealed against dust, damp and water. In watches that resist shock—yes; even the pull of the earth's magnetism.

This whole, wide wonderland of modern, jewelled-lever Swiss watches is now at your jeweller or watchmaker. His knowledge is your safeguard.

• IN NEUCHÂTEL, as in all seven of the watch-making cantons in Switzerland, the traditions started almost four centuries ago are inspiring the watch wonders of to-day. Time is the art of the Swiss.

**The Watchmakers of Switzerland**





# Horse trots out the answers

● Straight from the horse's mouth comes this interview with Prince Leo, a liver-and-white stallion, who can add up, spell, recognise colors, identify photographs, and analyse character.

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

PRINCE LEO was standing behind a "horsewriter" when staff photographer Ron Berg and I arrived for the appointment.

The meeting place was a grassed stableyard at Rosehill, N.S.W., where Prince Leo's owner, Mrs. Dorothy Foster, was waiting with her husband, Ken.

Mrs. Foster, colorful in a red-and-white slacks outfit, took Prince Leo's white bridle and led him forward.

"This is Leo," she said. "He's six, stands 14.2 hands, and is beautifully marked."

"Look—here's the map of Tasmania on his coat. There's the map of Africa, and see the heart on his tail!"

They were there, sure enough.

Mrs. Foster explained the "horsewriter."

It is 18ft. long, shaped like a stretched piano keyboard, has 39 metal keys, or plates, and lettering on each plate.

Behind it Leo looked down at the keys — to him the writing would be upside down.

Facing me was the front of the "horsewriter," adorned with yellow material, the blue velvet monogram P.L. (Prince Leo), and framed photos of Queen Elizabeth, film stars John Wayne, Ava Gardner, Frankie Laine, Elizabeth Taylor, and Stewart Granger.

Each photograph was numbered.

"More about those later," said Mrs. Foster, patting Leo's nose. "You might like him to analyse your character first, Miss Frizell. He's always 95 to 100 per cent. right."

"Tell me if you like that lady," said Mrs. Foster to Leo.

Leo gave me an old-fashioned look. Then he placed his nose under a metal plate and tilted it to read "Yes."

"Give me a reason why?" Prince Leo hurried along the keyboard.

Soon, six upturned plates revealed my character, as seen by Leo. They read:

MRS. FOSTER sips tea while Prince Leo slurps up beer he asked for by "horsewriter."

- "You have a quick wit, often sharp."
- "You have a temper. Control it."
- "You sure like your own way."
- "You like comfort and good food."
- "You are outspoken and truthful."
- "You don't like hard work."

I protested that I considered myself overworked and underpaid, but Leo wouldn't retract.

Then it was Ron Berg's turn.

Quickly Prince Leo nudged the plates to read:

- "You are a good sport, will be in anything."
- "You like talking a lot."
- "You are full of mischief."

(Mr. Berg, a fine reliable character, almost dropped his camera at this "revelation.")

"Leo," said Mrs. Foster, "analyses characters at agricultural shows and charity turnabouts."

"He ticks people off when they're too talkative or impolite. 'You go on like a mug, mate,' he'll say."

"What about Leo's character?" I asked.

Said Mrs. Foster, "I've had him since he was a foal. He has a most placid nature."

"He's only once attempted to hurt anybody—and that was



READING CHARACTER of our photographer Ron Berg, Prince Leo turned up a "horsewriter" plate which said, "You are a good sport!" Ron took the picture as proof.

a man who hated horses. Leo reacts very quickly to people."

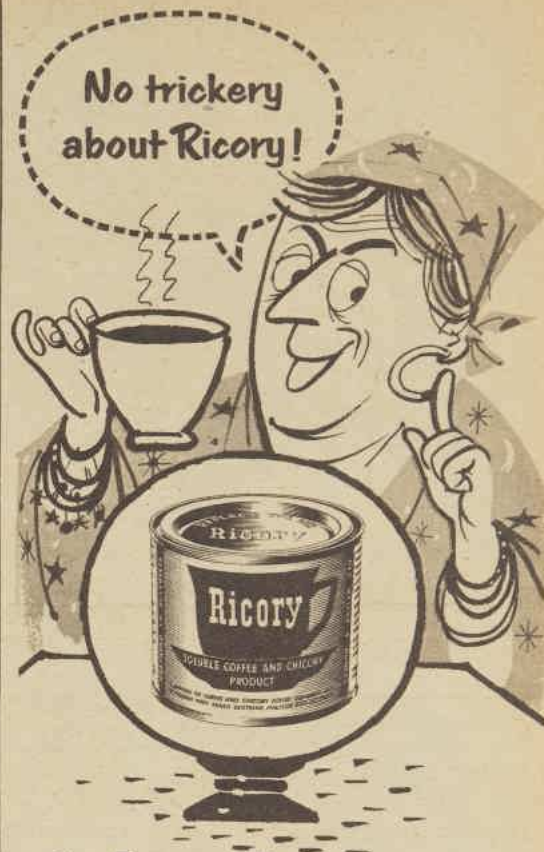
"I'm his groom," Mr. Foster said. "Leo has a different whinny for each want. If his manger is empty, he'll give a high-pitched whinny. If he wants water, he'll pick up the bucket and throw it at your feet, as much as to say, 'Go on. Fill that.'"

"Leo talks in his sleep, too."

At the Wagga Show the caretaker came to me during the night. "I think your horse has colic," he said. "But Leo was only dreaming."



"WHO says I'm a nag?" demands Prince Leo of racehorse Spearwater, pictured with his owner-trainer, Mr. W. H. Cottingham, at Rosehill stables of Mr. Fred Van Horn.



it's  
honest-to-  
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coffee  
plus chicory!

You won't need a crystal ball to tell you that Ricory is the richest, liveliest, most satisfying flavour you've ever tasted. The careful blend of coffee and chicory gives Ricory the rich, robust, coffee flavour you crave. Ricory is an instant powder—full bodied! Fragrant! A spoonful of Ricory in a cup, add hot water and Presto! Rich, real coffee and chicory!

Ricory is not an essence. It's powdered coffee and chicory, with no waste from first to last cup.

# Ricory

Ricory is Nestlé's soluble coffee and chicory product, composed of coffee and chicory solids combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and lactose.

R. 28-2PC.





**They  
look  
so  
well  
in  
Viyella**

Isn't 'Viyella' an honest cloth?  
Honest-to-goodness quality in every  
single fibre.

Mind you, there is a secret, carefully  
guarded formula for its making.  
That's why imitations always fall short.  
But, mostly, it's good honest Australian  
Merino lambswool spun in good honest  
Derbyshire valleys and woven in Scot-  
land by good honest weavers.

Beautiful 'Viyella'—silky soft, colour-  
bright, handsome by day, friendly by  
night. Respected and wanted for the  
long, hard wear it gives you.

Some people say you can never wear  
'Viyella' out. We don't know about  
that. We do know that the more you  
wash it the softer it gets, and it never,  
never shrinks!

**'Viyella'**

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



At all better stores in cream,  
pastels, florals, spots, kindergarten  
prints, checks and tartans, and in  
a wide range of made-up garments  
for children and grown-ups.

IF YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING 'VIYELLA', WRITE TO 'VIYELLA', BOX 3335, G.P.O., SYDNEY

## HER FIRST FLIGHT BY WHIRLWIND

● First prize of £10 in our  
"Strange but True" Contest was won  
this week by Miss Ethel Kenny,  
Bourke St., Warwick, Qld.

HERE is Miss Kenny's  
winning entry:

AS a child, while living on  
a sheep station, I was re-  
turning from an afternoon walk  
with my nursemaid, and, de-  
spite her protests, ran on ahead  
as we neared the homestead.  
As I passed our large stables  
a fierce whirlwind came tearing  
around the corner, lifting  
sheets of iron from roofs and  
collecting everything in its  
wake—including me!

It just picked me up and  
whirled me away, while the  
girl screamed and a station-  
hand, hearing her, came gal-  
loping along on a horse behind  
me.

After it had carried me a  
few hundred yards the whirl-  
wind started to weaken, and  
the station-hand found me  
lying, apparently dead, in a  
pile of rubbish where I had  
been dropped.

I remained unconscious all  
night, but the next day, apart  
from still being dazed, seemed  
none the worse for the experi-  
ence. The doctor we had sum-  
moned from the township four  
miles away said that to any-  
one who had seen the rubble  
collected by the whirlwind my  
escape was indeed a miracu-  
lous one.

PRIZES of £5 each were  
awarded to the follow-  
ing:

### Crossed lines

ON holiday in Frankston,  
Vic., some years ago, I re-  
ceived a telegram from rela-  
tives which read, "Would like  
you send a wreath to Eltham.  
Letter explaining."

I sent a wreath, causing a  
great upset. The telegram  
should have read, "Would like  
you spend a week at Eltham.  
Letter explaining."

Mrs. Rogers, Worrinen  
South, Vic.

### Got the goat

A BOARD a bus on  
which I was travelling  
north in the Northern  
Territory was a woman  
from England who had  
come straight off the boat  
at Outer Harbor, S.A., and  
was bound for Darwin.

She kept talking about goats,  
saying she had two in Eng-  
land, and as she had been told  
there were herds of them  
running wild in this country  
she was anxious to see some.

She had still not sighted a  
goat by the time we reached  
Daly Waters, where we were  
to stay overnight. Sleeping  
quarters here were rooms off  
the main building, some for  
the women in front, and the  
others for men, with a thin  
partition between.

In the middle of the night  
we were awakened by much  
yelling and squealing. A goat,  
of all things, had broken into

the bedroom where the Eng-  
lishwoman was sleeping!

Mrs. A. E. Pudney, Rose-  
water, S.A.

### Reunion

I AM one of a family of  
five, having four sisters  
all younger than myself.  
Our parents were stay-at-  
homes, but we were all  
wanderers and left home  
one by one to go our vari-  
ous ways.

Very few letters were writ-  
ten by any of us up till the  
time, years ago, when I was  
working on a station in west-  
ern New South Wales, and  
drove my boss to Sydney.

While he went off about  
some urgent business, I  
parked the car safely in the  
city, and, with time on my  
hands, decided to revisit  
Bondi Junction, where I used  
to live and work.

After many inquiries, I ob-  
tained the address of a sister  
living in Rose Bay and went  
to visit her.

On arrival about 11.30 p.m.  
I found my mother already  
there and a second sister, who  
lived in the country, but only  
that day had come out of a  
Sydney hospital after having  
her first baby.

About midnight, two more  
sisters arrived, one from Rock-  
hampton, Queensland, and the

### STRANGE but TRUE

other having driven over-  
land from her home in West-  
ern Australia.

None of us knew that any  
of the others was in the city  
and after all talking at once  
for some time my mother  
said: "Do you know this is  
the first time you have all  
been under the one roof for  
over 24 years?"

J. Gilmore, Herbert St.,  
Gulgong, N.S.W.

### Out of the past

AFTER living in one  
town for more than  
20 years, my husband and  
I decided to move to a  
district 158 miles away.

When we eventually found  
and bought a suitable house  
there, hanging on the wall of  
the living-room was a rural  
photograph my husband had  
taken about 25 years pre-  
viously. He had framed it  
and given it to an elderly  
friend, a man whom he had  
never met again. Also, in a  
cupboard we found a survey  
map of the town we had left.

It transpired that this had  
been the old man's house. He  
had since died, and we  
had bought it from his daugh-  
ter. It seemed we were to  
have this house, and no other.

Mrs. A. Best, Jones St.,  
Westbury, Tas.

### HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but  
True" experience clearly  
and in not more than 250  
words. The story must be  
true and must not have  
been published previously.  
It can be amusing, sad,  
dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giv-  
ing clearly name and ad-  
dress, INCLUDING THE  
STATE, to "Strange but  
True," Box 5252, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

The decision of the  
judges will be final. No  
entries can be returned  
nor any correspondence  
entered into.

Employees of Consoli-  
dated Press Ltd. and its  
associated companies and  
employees' families are not  
eligible to enter this  
contest.

### Night beat

AS a child I used to  
walk in my sleep  
almost every night, and at  
the time of this incident  
we lived in a two-story  
house where my sisters and  
I slept upstairs and our  
parents downstairs.

One night my father heard  
a soft step on the stairs and,  
thinking it was me and not  
wanting to startle me, he  
stood at the bottom in the  
dark and said, "Come on,  
dear. Daddy's here."

The footsteps retreated  
softly up the stairs at once  
and my father decided to  
come up and see me safely  
back to bed—only to find I  
hadn't moved out of it.

Investigations showed an  
intruder had climbed from a  
shed roof through the bath-  
room window on the second  
floor, leaving a sandshoe be-  
hind in his haste to get out  
again.

I'm sure he didn't appreci-  
ate Dad's gentleness and the  
fact that he was a light  
sleeper, but we certainly did.

Mrs. C. Hall, 89 Rowland  
St., Subiaco, W.A.

### Service, plus

A FEW years ago, while  
living in Egypt, I saw  
a lovely summer dress  
advertised in an English  
fashion magazine.

I felt this was MY dress.  
So I sat down and wrote to  
my mother in Lancashire, ask-  
ing her to try to find it.

Imagine my amazement  
when two or three days later  
I received her weekly letter  
and enclosed was the illustra-  
tion that had caught my eye  
3000 miles away in Port  
Fouad.

It appears that she and my  
father had been shopping in  
Manchester the previous week  
and she had seen this dress  
displayed in a window. She  
knew I would like it, so she  
talked my father into buying  
it for me, and the shop assis-  
tant gave her the advertise-  
ment to airmail to me.

Mrs. Joyce Buhagiar, 6  
Dandenong Rd., Attadale,  
W.A.





## THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN:

● Pictured here are representatives of the only three types of Australian native animals which are not marsupials (pouched mammals) or monotremes (egg-layers).

Photographs by Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney.

*DINGO (Canis dingo). Because of interbreeding with domestic dogs it is doubtful whether many full-blooded dingoes are left in Australia. But country people are familiar with dingoes' natural cunning and mournful howl. It is believed that man brought the dingo here, perhaps 10,000 or 15,000 years ago.*



*BURROWING MOUSE (Pseudomys) is not yet fully named. This little mouse was photographed in the Wyndham area of the Kimberleys, Western Australia, where the mice live in burrows hollowed out of the sandy soil. The ancestors of present-day Australian rodents were hardy creatures, for they are believed to have reached this country on logs or by drifting across the sea.*



*GREY-HEADED FRUIT BAT (Pteropus poliocephalus) is a menace to fruitgrowers in summer. Fruit bats, often called flying foxes, need seclusion and shade and camp by day in trees, hanging upside down by the closed thumbs at the ends of their wings.*



# HALO leaves hair CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER —than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



**Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!**

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo glorifies your hair—naturally, brings back all its clean, bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your family shampoo!

**HALO Bubbles**  
for lovely hair  
wherever you go!

Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for week-ends and holidays and perfect for keeping hair shining-clean.

HALO BUBBLES 1/-

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**BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY**

**HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR—NATURALLY**

L162A



**The NEW CONRAY**  
*Electric* ROOM HEATER  
warms every corner of the room with automatic "Spread-heat" circulation.

Contemporary in its new styling—  
even more efficient in its famous  
"Spread-heat" principle, this  
new Conray is the best room-heater  
buy in Australia. See it demonstrated  
now!

- New modern styling
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Manufactured and guaranteed by

VULCAN ELECTRICS PTY. LTD., BURWOOD, VICTORIA  
AT ELECTRICAL & DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE

# Worth Reporting

**A** USTRALIA'S first contingent of Girl Guides to visit Europe left Melbourne aboard the liner Fairsea last weekend.

The 46 girls, taking gifts and souvenirs for Guides and friends overseas, will attend a world Guide camp in England's Windsor Great Park.

The camp opens on July 29 and lasts until August 7.

It is one of four world meetings being held this year, and commemorates the birth of Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Scout and Guide movement.

Four thousand Guides will attend the Windsor camp, which the Queen will visit.

The Australian girls are in the charge of Guider Miss Joy Stacey, of Sydney, Miss Peg Barr, of Melbourne, and Miss J. Tucker, of Adelaide.

They will tour England and Scotland and spend a fortnight at an International Guide House in Switzerland.

The first world camp this year was held in the Philippines. Australia sent 30 Guides.

The other two camps will be held in Canada and Switzerland next August.

**A** HAMBURGER proprietor in a Melbourne suburb is happy at the successful results of his sales-promotion gimmick.

Just before closing time at the picture theatre next door he fries onions under a fan at his window, leaving the theatre's air-conditioning plant to whisk in the smell.

## A chartreuse phone in the bathroom

**W**E heard an amusing story from Gino di Grandi, fashion public relations man for Mrs. Nancy Cooke, winner of a U.S. Ambassador of Fashion competition, who visited Australia recently.

At a Press interview in his hotel, di Grandi was called to answer the telephone—the usual sober black instrument.

"This reminds me of telephones in America," he said. "We had a vogue for colored telephones—blue, pink, white, and even chartreuse to take to the bath."

"Then recently the editor of a home-maker page said to me: 'Gino, I've discovered a chic new color for a telephone—black.'"

## Hitch-hiking grandmother

**A** SILVER-HAIRED grandmother from Palmerston North, New Zealand, who has hitch-hiked her way around most of the world, came in to our office recently while on her way to Japan.

She is Mrs. Patricia de Cleene, grandmother of four, who said that an interest in Esperanto, the international language, had kept her travelling.

"I first heard about Esperanto when I was 23," she said.

"It's not meant to replace any language; it's meant to be an extra international tongue."

"And it is much easier to learn than any national language."

Mrs. de Cleene's first trip overseas seven years ago took her to an Esperanto conference in Czechoslovakia.

From there Esperantists invited her all over Europe.

She stayed more than three years, hitch-hiking, and staying with Esperanto families, or in youth hostels.

Mrs. de Cleene is going to Japan at the invitation of Esperantists.

"I don't know where I might go next," she said. "But I've always wanted to see Brazil."

## Patterns for Pentridge

**U**NUSUAL request to our Homemaker Department came recently from the school at Pentridge Gaol, Melbourne.

Through the supervisor, some of the handcraft-student prisoners asked for paper patterns and directions for making soft animal toys.

A selection of giraffe and cat patterns has been forwarded to the men, who will make them to send to Melbourne hospitals and orphanages at Christmas time.

One of the prisoners will help teach the men who previously made wooden toys.

Most of the materials for the toys have been donated.

The gaol school covers every secondary-school subject; attendance is voluntary.

**A** BRISBANE mother, celebrating her 30-plus birthday, was ordered by her small children to decorate the top of her cake to show how old she was.

She avoided the awful truth by sprinkling the icing with hundreds and thousands.

## Calypso Matilda in Jamaica

**F**ORMER Melbourne radio actress Irene Sheldon, now Mrs. R. Duncan, of Jamaica, has written to tell us how "Waltzing Matilda" came to Jamaica—as a calypso tune.

Some time ago in a Jamaican nightclub one of her Australian friends asked the calypso group to play "Waltzing Matilda."

At the end of the musical bracket the leader flashed a grin of satisfaction.

Apparently the band had already obliged, but with the wrong "Matilda."

Mrs. Duncan and her friend sang a few bars, "Once a jolly swagman..."

With considerable encouragement and prompting a fantastic rendition began.

Then "Matilda" caught on. Mrs. Duncan wrote: "The calypso boys asked us if we'd teach them, and we did."

"And now, for us, it has become a kind of fanfare in Jamaica. This same group swings into the tune of the Australian bush whenever we appear."

"It's a little touch of home," Matilda continues to fan the flame in our hearts—though in a new guise."

# Writers praise fiction contest

**Well-known Australian writers have enthusiastically commended The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Fiction Contest.**

**T**HE two sisters, Ann got Neville, write best-selling murder mysteries, said: under the pen-name Mar-

young authors to write with a definite aim in view.

"With such splendid prizes offering, this contest should bring to light some very talented writers."

Margot Neville wrote the novel "Murder of Olympia," which was the basis of the fic-

tion contest held by The Australian Women's Weekly last year to celebrate the Olympic Games.

Colin Simpson, author of the best-selling "Adam in Plumes," "Adam With Arrows," "Adam in Ochre," and "The Country Upstairs," a survey of post-war Japan, said:

"Art for art's sake is all very well, but a contest like this helps to make the writing game worthwhile for the writer. It spurs his creative effort."

Jean Turnley and Cole Turnley:

"As a writing team, we are enthusiastic to hear about this competition."

## Appeal for all

**T**HERE is something exciting about a short-story contest. Somehow it appeals to the romantic in all of us—writer and reader alike.

"This competition should provide a much-needed stimulus to the writing profession."

Maureen Lusson, who has sold more than 200 short stories here and overseas:

"I think this competition will give new writers a chance to prove themselves and established writers a chance to work on something different."

"It will have the enormous advantage of unbiased reader opinion which authors seldom get."

## PRIZES and CONDITIONS

**£50** each will be awarded for the six best short stories

**£100** will be awarded for the best story by an author who has never had any of his writings published.

**£100** will be awarded to the story voted best by our readers.

**£85** in cash prizes will be given for the three best fifty-word comments entitled "Why I Voted For This Story" sent in by readers after the publication of the six best stories.

Entries will close on August 5, 1957. Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of manuscripts. Each story should bear the author's name and address on each page. Stories must be original and not previously published.

Entries sent in by competitors who have never had any of their writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

MSS. should be addressed "Short Story Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

All prize-winning stories will become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prize-winners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rates of payment.

The judges will be the Editor, Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

The contest is open to residents of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, and all Australian territories.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.



Fun with **MAC** and **ROBBIE**

# SING SONG



MI-MI, MI, MI,  
I'VE BEEN AN  
SINGER FOR  
P'YEARS,  
ROBBIE.

OUTSTANDING SINGER!  
OUTSTANDING IN THE  
QUEUES TRYING TO GET A  
JOB, I SUPPOSE.



I'VE GOT A GOOD VOICE. I ONCE SANG 'SWANEE  
RIVER' SO REALISTICALLY ELEVEN PEOPLE  
DIVED IN OFF THE DRESS CIRCLE.



O.K! LET'S HEAR  
YOU SING!



LISTEN  
TO MY  
SONG!  
MY FAVOURITE  
CHOCOLATE  
BLOCK IS  
**'SNACK'!**  
WHY DON'T  
YOU BUY ME  
ONE NOW  
MAC!



DREADFUL VOICE -  
CLEVER WORDS  
THOUGH!

LISTEN TO THE NEXT  
PART - IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL.



IN EACH BLOCK-  
SIX DIFFERENT  
FILLINGS,  
CAN SOMEONE  
LEND ME THE TWO  
SHILLINGS?



ROBBIE,  
YOU'D STARVE  
SINGING FOR  
YOUR SUPPER.

BUT HOW DO  
I GO SINGING  
FOR MY  
**'SNACK'?**



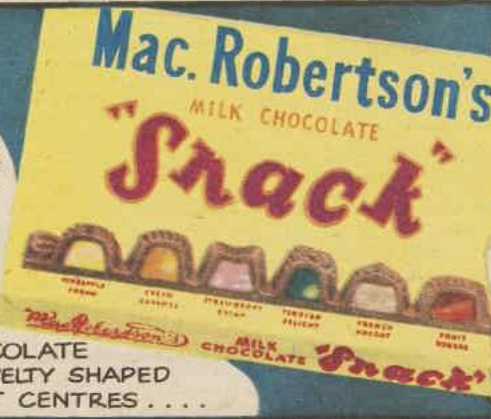
ALL RIGHT, YOU  
WIN - HERE'S 2/-.  
GO AND BUY  
AUSTRALIA'S  
GREATEST  
CHOCOLATE  
BLOCK VALUE!

**'SNACK'** - HERE  
I COME!



NO  
WONDER  
ROBBIE  
SINGS  
THE  
PRAISES

OF **'SNACK'**. IT'S  
JUST LIKE A BOX OF  
CHOCOLATES IN CHOCOLATE  
BLOCK FORM...12 NOVELTY SHAPED  
PIECES...6 DIFFERENT CENTRES...



...PINEAPPLE CREAM,  
CREAM CARAMEL,  
STRAWBERRY  
CREAM, TURKISH  
DELIGHT, FRENCH  
NOUGAT, FRUIT  
SUNDAE.  
ALL FOR 2/-

ONLY  
2/-



Mac. Robertson's  
**"OLD GOLD"**  
**CHERRY  
RIPE**

ONLY  
8d.



FOR MY  
NEXT  
NUMBER  
I'LL SING...  
CHERRY RIPE,  
CHERRY RIPE,  
RIPE, RIPE CHERRIES...

SING  
NO MORE  
ROBBIE -  
LET'S JUST ENJOY  
THE RIPE CHERRIES AND  
MILKY COCONUT IN  
MAC.ROBERTSON'S  
**"CHERRY RIPE"**

Mac. Robertson's **"CHERRY RIPE"** gives  
you ripe, real cherries, pure milky coconut,  
smooth **"Old Gold"** Chocolate.  
Big value for only 8d.



Watch for further fun with **MAC** the ventriloquist and his doll **ROBBIE**.



# Is your family **ACTIVE & VITAL** or only 'JUST WELL'?



## A POWER FOR HEALTH!

Daily 'AKTA-VITE' generates zestful health through greater intake of the essential vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. Only in 'AKTA-VITE' can stated and guaranteed quantities of the important vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D that your body needs, be obtained in the form of chocolate-malt flavoured granules.

The wonder of vitamins and the tremendous contributions they make to real health . . . an Australian achievement in nutrition . . . what thousands of mothers have found 'AKTA-VITE' will do for their husbands, children and themselves . . . what it will do for convalescents, the elderly and those under severe strain of work.

**M**OST of us who think ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then and sometimes can't sleep", or "I seem to be off my food".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural—just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living, but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is, in many cases, a matter of good nutrition.

### What is good nutrition?

It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food—it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and is absolutely essential for maximum health.

A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

### What vitamins do

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at great length, but a good general understanding can be gained from the following:—

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and in enabling us to get full value from the food we eat. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment, but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B<sub>1</sub> is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

### Do we get enough vitamins?

Following are some common, everyday reasons why we may not:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are often lost through exposure of the food to light and air in the shop.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals—pie or

toast, etc.—of little or no vitamin value.

- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins—expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

### 'AKTA-VITE' gives you the vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned—A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE', if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, will soon

feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE' makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink—but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways—sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

## Everyone in your family can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

### For strenuous sports

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

### For 'energy burners'

There are many people who,



either because of their serious, conscientious nature or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimu-

lating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep.

### For convalescents

The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

### For striving students and adolescents

Rapid growth and long hours of study may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In



ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

### For the housewife

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

### For expectant mothers

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also

'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.



### For early growth

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.



### FREE SAMPLE

Ask your chemist for a free sample of 'AKTA-VITE'. He will be glad to tell you more about this wonderful food tonic. SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

a power for health Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 3d. a day.



# BUTCH



"You're too sensitive, Butch. With forty grand loot what d'you care if people call you a hot rod?"

# MOTHER



"I've had a terrible time since my last operation—I haven't been able to do anything but lie about, reading and listening to the wireless."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE current advertising campaign for British railways is causing a little amusement both in Britain and abroad.

"This way for fun" is the heading of one ad. in an American magazine. It adds, "In a British railway train you meet fascinating, genial people. Everyone talks to everyone else. . . . You will enjoy the different, exciting British dishes."

If by any chance it happens to be true that Englishmen in trains nowadays talk to one another, I, for one, will be bitterly disappointed should I ever visit England.

The Englishman's taciturnity, especially in trains, is legendary. A whole library of jokes has grown up round the belief that he never speaks to anyone unless previously introduced. Evidently the copywriter for this advertisement feels that Americans like a matey atmosphere. Possibly he relies on the hope that the story of a couple of American tourists into a railway carriage will ignite conversation by a kind of spontaneous combustion.

Or perhaps British Railways currently hire fascinating, genial people all talking to one another for the purpose of entertaining American tourists.

They should be careful. People like to find out what they expect when they travel. It is so much more soothing than having the mind unattended.

ALTHOUGH most London reviews of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" were highly favorable, some critics appeared to miss the play's main point.

They questioned the ending, in which Olive refuses the offer of marriage from her cane-cutter lover, Roo.

The reason Olive does this is plainly conveyed. What she wanted was the irrecoverable dream represented by the summers that had passed.

That, in fact, is the whole theme of the play.

Perhaps it's a pity to quibble, though—it's such good news that the play has made a hit.

CASTOR OIL is said to be getting scarce. The United States Commerce Department reports that in the next four years the demand will outstrip the supply.

A news item reporting this from Washington described it as "good news for children," though, as far as I know, the modern child is seldom required to take castor oil.

The old idea that the nastier the medicine the more good resulting has been as dead as he dodo this many years.

A bribe of a penny, or, later, threepence was dished in my childhood to the takers of castor oil.

Even in those days the cost of living rose rapidly, and my younger sister was able to demand a shilling.

Nowadays I suppose parents can't afford to give children castor oil.

AMONG recent foreign news was the interesting intelligence that Russian Premier Bulganin had sent a friendly letter of 8000 words to the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan.

The letter was reported to cover the whole field of Anglo-Soviet relations.

But it isn't the subject matter that is so interesting. It's the description given the document.

One can imagine an abusive letter of 8000 words—anger tends to repetition. So does affection, and an 8000-word love-letter is a possibility.

Incidentally, anyone contemplating a love-letter of that length might be better advised to write eight of a thousand words each, or even 80 of 100 words. The postage would be heavier, but the effect would be cumulative and therefore more impressive.

Mere friendliness should be concise.

AN electronic brain, now on display by the U.S. Army in Detroit, can read Tolstoy's "War and Peace" in less than five minutes.

Yes—but has it seen the movie?

EIGHT Englishwomen and nine men plan to sail for Australia in a 90-ton ketch. Skipper Alistair Barr said, "Every landlubber seems to think that when you have girls aboard the voyage is going to be full of fun and games; but I say that emotions are the privilege of people living ashore."

If emotions don't exist at sea, then all I can say, I fear, is that books like "Love Me Sailor" have given everyone an entirely wrong steer. Personally, I have always found that a life on the ocean wave

Is conducive to turning an ordinary swain into an absolute rave.

Every girl knows that even in port at a shipboard dance

The atmosphere before the evening is out is heavy with romance;

And as soon as you hit the tropics, with flying fish and phosphorus in the wake, The heart is inclined to get untrammelled and in need of a brake.

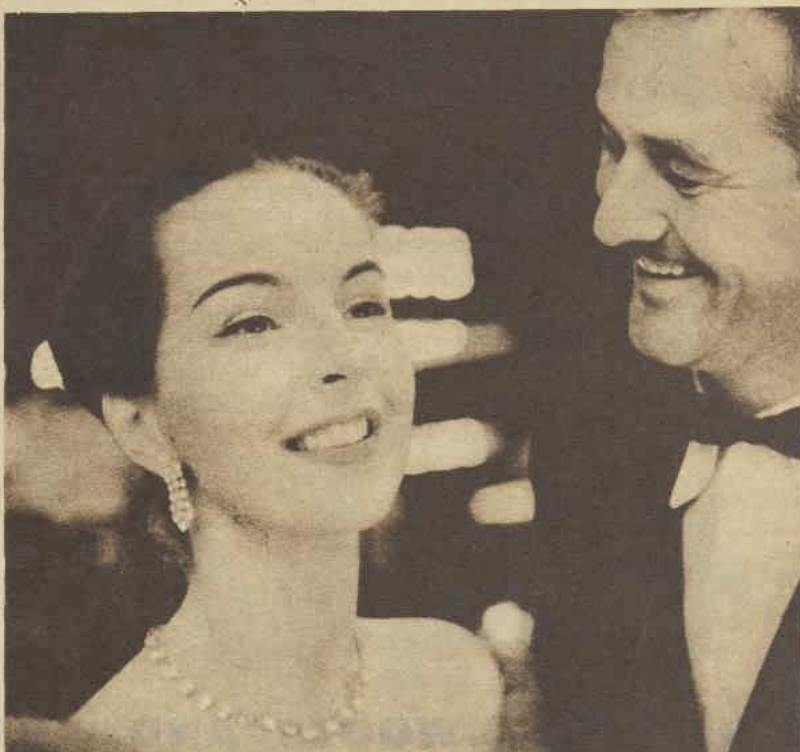
I would lay odds that a boat deck produces more emotion to the square yard Than ever occurs on land to the soupiest songwriter or bard.

As for ketches and such with a population comparatively dense,

The only difference is that the emotional content becomes proportionately more intense.

## Fragrant loveliness

Superlative creation of Richard Hudnut, the exquisite fragrance of Gemey perfume is the keynote of all Gemey beauty aids. Make-up with Gemey, and flatter your complexion with super-fine, clinging loveliness . . . enhance your personality with an unforgettable fragrance . . . be doubly enchanting.



Be doubly enchanting with

# Gemey make-up

Whichever type of make-up you prefer . . . Gemey "Flatter-face" or Gemey face powder will bring you a new, entrancing complexion loveliness . . .

## Gemey "flatter-face"

POWDER AND FOUNDATION  
ALL-IN-ONE

Triple micronised to gossamer smoothness, sensational "Flatter-face" glides softly and easily over your face . . . to give a new flawless look, a new radiance that is so flattering and beautiful. Never cracks or flakes in the case. Four newest shades . . . 9/9



Choose  
the make-up  
you prefer...

## Gemey face powder

SILK-SIFTED . . . VELVETY  
SMOOTH

It's light as air, yet it gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Gives just the right effect to every type of skin . . . dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. Keeps your skin looking its youngest and freshest. Six delightful shades . . . 7/-



CREATIONS OF Richard Hudnut NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

G150.143

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# Your guide to winter knitting..

Choose from over one hundred new season styles from Australia's top designers in this one handy 32-page Style Guide. Now you can plan your *complete* wardrobe of hand knitteds for winter '57. Every page in the free Hughes Style Guide contains a host of lovely designs. And it tells you the knitting book to buy for the style that catches your eye. *Get your FREE copy now.* Send the coupon, or write to F. W. Hughes (address below). If you knit, you need this fully illustrated Hughes Style Guide!



# Hughes

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**KWICKNIT**



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Book 208



(Above) From  
Book 207

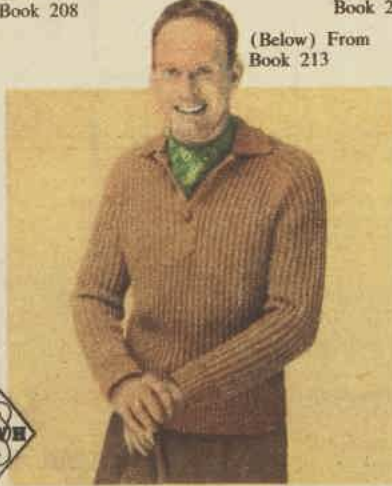


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Book 211



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Book 209



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Book 213



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Please send me, free-of-cost, the fully illustrated, 32-page "Hughes  
Style Guide, 1957 Designs."

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H.14.57



# DRESS SENSE

By  
*Betty Keep*



DS242.—One-piece Empire-line dress in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and 4yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● A full-skirted Empire-line silhouette is excellent for the teenage figure and I suggest the one illustrated above for a young reader.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"AS a teenage follower of your fashion notes, I would like a snappy style for a rayon-and-wool tweed material in charcoal-grey with a white speck. I am olive-skinned, so I would like a touch of contrast at the neckline. I have a small bustline, only 30in., and wonder if I could get a pattern in my size for the design 'you choose'."

An Empire-line dress with a flared skirt and a bodice finished with a crisp white pique trim is a dashing style for a teenager.

In the illustration (above) the dress is bolstered out with a bouffant waist petticoat, but it could be worn without one. A paper pattern is obtainable in your size—30in. bust.

For other teenage readers who may like to order the design, it is available in 32, 34, and 36in. bust. The price is 4/-. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE some beautiful white duchesse satin I want to make into a dressing-gown for my trousseau. Would you please suggest a design?"

The Empire-line negligee is in every Paris lingerie collection, and I don't think you

could have a prettier idea for a white satin trousseau gown. Mark the high waist with a white grosgrain 1 1/2in. ribbon finished in a flat bow and streamer ends. Have the neckline cut low in a collarless V-shape and the sleeves rather wide and three-quarter length. Let the robe fall straight from the high waistline to mid-calf length.

"WOULD I be correct in wearing red gloves with a red suit?"

Color is really a matter of personal taste, but I think red gloves would make a red suit look. I suggest chamois-yellow, beige, or white gloves.

"FOR my daughter's wedding in early spring I want an outfit of warm coat and silk frock. The wedding is at 4 p.m., the reception at our leading hotel. My complexion and hair are fair, and I take a 35in. bust fitting."

Violet tones for your ensemble, teaming tweed with chiffon, would be new and attractive for a spring wedding. Have the coat slim with a high, collarless neckline and a self-material "fold" placed high to give an Empire-line. For the dress, I suggest a paler mauve chiffon made in shirt-waist style, with a skirt softly pleated all round and a draped cummerbund belt.

"LATER in the season I will visit Sydney, and as I do not want to take too much luggage, I wondered if I could have a tailored coat I could also wear as a street dress? I would be grateful for color and style ideas. I am 24, 5ft. 5in. tall, with not a bad figure."

A light wool, fitted coat could double as a street dress. Have the design fitted at the natural waistline, with a back pleat to blouse above a tiny self-material belt and flared beneath it. I suggest Kasha wool suiting (natural tones will be important again for spring) or a pearl-grey flannel. Whichever you choose, have the coat-dress finished with a white pique over-collar.

"MY mother has given me some navy-blue wool, rather like tweed. I am not very keen on the color, but I am having it made into a winter coat. Could you suggest a smart style? I am 16 and a SSW fitting. Would you also advise me on accessories?"

Have your coat made double-breasted, with brass button closings fitted at the back and with a half-belt in self-material. Wear the coat with a scarlet Ascot tie and scarlet handbag and have gloves, shoes, and a beret in the same navy as the coat.

# BEWARE of URTI!

Upper Respiratory Tract Infection.

\* The menace of URTI is real! Symptoms of sore throat, sneezing, running nose, headache and languid feverish conditions forewarn an attack of URTI, often leading to other more serious illnesses. Beware of URTI.



## Gargling Antiseptic LISTERINE

helps you avoid  
dangerous illnesses  
originating  
in the mouth

### Tests prove it

Tests prove that Listerine reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work. In fact, Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later.

### LISTERINE kills germs by millions— instantly!

Antiseptic Listerine is so easy and pleasant to use. All you do is gargle it undiluted three times a day... it's as easy as that. And it's so pleasant-tasting, too! Takes only 30 seconds, but protects for hours.

### It's SAFE!

The Listerine treatment is safe... it doesn't burn or sting. More important, for your kids' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

### LISTERINE will protect ALL your family from so many illnesses!

Besides helping in the fight against URTI, Antiseptic Listerine is invaluable for fighting many other illnesses which attack the body through the oral cavity. You can't afford to be without a bottle of Antiseptic Listerine in your bathroom cabinet.

### LISTERINE—in 3 convenient sizes—in all chemists and stores!

Available in 3 oz., 7 oz. and 14 oz. bottles.

87% of all infections  
initially attack  
the body orally

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

Hepatitis    Influenza  
Pneumonia    Scarlet Fever  
Polio    Common Cold

Antiseptic Listerine helps your body fight these dangerous infections. Don't give them a chance. Get busy with the Listerine to-day!

## ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE

20/3FC.3



# Gala Occasions

LILAC-PINK strapless bodice in elastic net and clouds of white tulle sprinkled with brilliants (right) is John Cavanagh's interpretation of a gala evening dress. The feathered head-dress was specially designed by Simone Mirman.

- The Queen's State visits abroad this year have had a powerful influence on formal fashions. Her Majesty's superb dressing for gala occasions has resulted in beautiful evening dresses, often intricately embroidered, in every important couture collection. In Paris the Queen departed from the usual bouffant gown she wears for State occasions, thus endorsing a slender line. The dress with a train also has become more general. Long gloves, real and fake jewels add to the grace of the evening scene. A new and exciting after-dark accessory is the feathered head-dress worn jutting high.



SLENDER sheath dress (above) is made in pastel blue crepe. The neckline is slashed low at the back and finished with a draped, self-material cowl. The back-dipped hemline forms an important train. The screen fan is trimmed with pink roses. The above-elbow-length gloves, in a paler shade of blue than the dress, have a chic new look.





"LADY BEHAVE" is the name the Queen's dress-maker, Norman Hartnell, gives the sheath dress (above), which is in direct contrast to the crinoline line Hartnell so often shows in his collections. The all-over embroidery (typical Hartnell) is done in iridescent paillettes and beads. Note 1920 necklace.



BALL GOWN in ice-blue satin (above) is a Victor Stiebel model. The strapless, moulded bodice clings over the hips and is lavishly embroidered. The bouffant skirt is slightly shorter in front and sweeps into a long self-material train at back.



SLENDER, high-necked, sleeveless dress by Pierre Balmain (left) is made in a dark red, rose print. The dress is belted in matching leather at the natural waistline. The fantail train is new.

SPECTACULAR dress-and-coat ensemble (right), designed by John Cavanagh for an opera premiere. The strapless chiffon dress is tightly hobbled at the knees with a satin band. The full coat is satin.





## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, navy-blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a magazine.	* If your occupation concerns correspondence, clerical work, or teaching, you may receive a little windfall. Otherwise, more journeys, errands, commissions than usual.	* There may be studying going on in your home, not limited to children. Adults may be busy with new skills. The great problem will be to secure quiet.	* Some of you meet a new and attractive friend whose background is a little different and perhaps mysterious. This could come about through a short journey.	* Amusements are likely to take you far afield, whether you are fond of outdoor activities or more the intellectual type. You prefer that which is new and exciting.
<b>Taurus</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a parcel.	* If job-hunting, prospects are bright. If homemaker, you blossom out as a bargain-hunter. Any matter of a business nature should be concluded satisfactorily.	* The practical side of homemaking is stressed. As a purchasing agent you carry a heavy responsibility. Do not be tempted to do tasks requiring professional skill.	* If you go in and out of a crowded building, a slight incident in the lift or hallway could bring an interesting member of the opposite sex into your orbit.	* Chance meetings with friends in town, a shopping trip, or a luncheon will be your chief diversions. You may have many ironies in the fire this week.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in quick wits.	* Your powers of persuasion were never better and whether you are selling a product or your own services you should be more successful than you hoped.	* There are likely to be some lively discussions, and if the family fail to reach an agreement, you will probably settle the matter once and for all.	* Romance blooms. If going steady you consider matrimony seriously. If still single-hearted you may encounter a romantic possibility at the home of mutual friends.	* You want to be host or hostess, so pay the bill, be generous. You'll enjoy the sensation, although there could be one or two financial headaches as an aftermath.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a quiet corner.	* Steady efforts are best at present. Although unspectacular, they add up to achievement in an enterprise. Allow plans to mature and avoid snap decisions and hasty moves.	* If a parent, you may discover a new way of amusing the children. If there is a teenager in the home, there could be a break over a social disappointment.	* That secret thrill is no Hollywood star, although you, from afar, regard him so. Since you are on the verge of closer acquaintance, don't be afraid of disillusionment.	* Go Dutch treat. It will save a lot of arithmetic and you are feeling very independent just now, with a great aversion to being under obligation to acquaintances.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in pastimes.	* If there is a staff club where you work, you will be active in it. Otherwise a friend comes to work near you. Sociability will be entwined with work.	* If it's a new home, or just had a face-lift, you'll be eager to show it to your friends. If a club member, you may invite a committee home.	* You have a new pal and all your friends are teasing you. The best beloved has many fine qualities, but there may be one snag. He is unsentimental.	* If you enjoy sports, you'll have a happy week. If a team-member supporter, there could be a victory to warm the cockles of your heart, and set you cheering.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in being a good boss.	* You may be put in charge of people engaged on an unusual, possibly experimental, project. You devote much time and thought to ways and means.	* Few of you will see much of your own four walls. There are too many exciting things going on elsewhere and housekeeping could become very sketchy.	* Plan a pleasant expedition to places of interest with your own familiar crowd and see how your new partner fits into the picture. A happy episode occurs.	* You may act as the representative of an organization at an important conference which has its social side. Otherwise you are a guest of honor.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a new venture.	* Your work will take you into a fascinating world. If you are a student, this will come through books; if not, it could mean travel, holidays, or removals.	* That weekend is gathering importance. It may bring an old friend or relative to your home, or you yourself pay a visit. Plan ahead for smooth domestic sailing.	* Don't pry into a harmless little secret. If you discover a surprise is being prepared for you, don't let on you are in the know. Just pretend you had heard nothing.	* If you belong to a study class, a small group concerned with such subjects as art or music, there might be an exhibition or a demonstration of activities.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in reserve assets.	* Finance may need an overhaul, especially if you have been letting things drift. A new budget might make you examine possibilities with an eagle eye.	* Because you are engaging in a home enterprise such as dressmaking, millinery, interior decorating, or minor improvements, you may cut out social life for a while.	* Invited to a big social event you should shine in company with the one-and-only. Otherwise you meet his family. Be natural, and you should go over well.	* You may prefer a short expedition on your own, ending with a bit of self-indulgence such as the purchase of a pet luxury or a visit to the theatre.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in team work.	* Good fortune in a business matter could come through a member of the opposite sex, either through a letter of introduction or through a reference.	* A glamorous personage may come to dinner. You will be delighted to bring out your cherished possessions, to decorate the table, and to cook elaborate dishes.	* If the boy-friend is attending night classes, or working back, be reasonable. He has to think of his future and you want him to be ambitious.	* A wedding anniversary or a birthday party is ahead. Preparation may require careful planning. Otherwise, you step out with the boy-friend or marriage partner.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 24—JANUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in handling a situation.	* Some of you set yourself a stiff target. Even if you cannot accomplish the whole programme you still work a few miracles and the results contribute to happiness.	* You may go on the rampage and abolish a number of annoyances. You may shock the family, but changes in their living habits will be gradually accepted.	* If young and in love, these weeks are precious. Wear your prettiest frocks. He wants to be proud of his little heartbeat. So put on your glamor.	* If a voluntary worker you'll be telephoning, travelling, organising groups, soothing hurt feelings, being everywhere at once. Your only thanks will be a job well done.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in most things.	* Launch out with confidence. If Lady Luck is slow to bring you a gift, give her a gentle push. A reasonable gamble might prove a winner.	* The neighbors may complain of noise, but the household will be gay. Whether it's an impromptu dance, records, or game, there will be plenty of fun for all.	* No matter how modest their first home, newlyweds will always remember it happily. Younger subjects may invite the beloved home for dinner.	* Parties for the young in years and the young in heart. There may be cross currents, little conflicts and jealousies, but all's well that ends well.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in your own backyard.	* You may stay home, resten from a job, either paid or voluntary, and spend time on your personal affairs. Otherwise, family and domestic matters are uppermost.	* Should you be in a new home, fixing it up will be a labor of love. You will be given good advice if attempting household tasks which seem puzzling.	* Ask for Edunley shoes in the candy-striped box from all leading shoe stores.	* You may ask the neighbors in for a cup of tea, or greet unexpected visitors when you are right in the middle of a domestic upheaval. They will take pot-luck.



After the 1956 May holidays, Graham, Stephen, Merridy, Christopher and Patsy returned to school to run, jump, hop and skip their way through winter.

Here were five pairs of active feet, snug

**GRAHAM—7 years.** "A little demon on shoes"—to quote his mother, and certainly his first pair of Edunley never had a dull moment. They overcame such winter hazards as puddle jumping and footy, to ride triumphantly into spring as brakes on a souped-up racing tri-cycle.

October saw them worn and weary, but old soldiers never die, too small now, they retired to let new Edunley sandals step forward into summer.

**STEPHEN—3 years.** Discoloration of the toe-caps, and displeasure from Mum were the results of that glorious afternoon when the shoes sailed into a Naval Battle on the fish pond.

Despite this, however, by the end of September these busy little feet were too big to take advantage of the further wear offering.

in brand new Edunley shoes and all set to provide the best possible test for lasting comfort and enduring wear. Typical of thousands, these five youngsters with growing feet have given us the following case histories:

**MERRIDY—6 years.** Worn continuously until November, they still offered weeks more wear, without need of re-soling when growing feet demanded summer sandals.

**CHRISTOPHER—6 years.** With uppers in perfect condition, new soles would have been needed for further service after the end of October, but once again the feet grew faster than the shoes could wear.

**PATSY—10 years.** Came Christmas and the soles were well and truly worn. The uppers were still smart, but growing feet made repair unnecessary.

Built on scientifically designed lasts with wide toes which allow for growing feet, Edunley shoes are available in sizes 3-11, and 2-5, with leather, crepe, wearite or aircelitte soles and heels.



Ask for Edunley shoes in the candy-striped box from all leading shoe stores.

707 Fancy Twin Bar

634 Punched Vamp Derby

729 Centre Buckle

715 Fancy Derby

614 Ghillie Tie



EDUNLEY SHOE CO. PTY. LTD., 58 CHARLES ST., UNLEY, S.A.



## Every Year Is Leap Year

asked her mother curiously. "Or shouldn't I ask?"

"Well, of course, Charlie's a man of initiative and perception, so . . ."

"So she paid her little brother fifty cents to write 'Kate Loves Charlie' on the front gate," he said, interrupting calmly, "and when she saw it, she carried on so that I naturally had to kiss her till she stopped crying."

"Charlie Davie!" Barbara's mother said indignantly, but her haughty denials were lost in her husband's and daughter's laughter.

"This boss of yours," Barbara's father said. "This Mr. Banning . . . when he looks your way, couldn't you whistle low and hungrily?"

Barbara stiffened. "This may all sound very amusing to you . . ."

She raised her young chin defiantly, but her lips and eyes looked vulnerable, and her father sobered hastily. They were an unusually close family, who liked as well as loved each other.

Barbara's mother hastened to smooth things over. "I think Dad meant that perhaps you could blush a little when Mr. Banning looks at you. Myra Evans can blush any time she wants to. She says it's just a matter of holding your breath the right way."

"He wouldn't see it," Barbara said hopelessly.

"The joker must be blind," her father said, feeling a surge of anger against a man who couldn't see Barbara.

"He is," Barbara said. "Color-blind. But that's confidential. Dad. He doesn't think people would have as much confidence in a color-blind public accountant."

"You mean because of the red and black ink?" said her father, smiling.

"Yes, but he really knows one from the other perfectly well. He sees colors, in a way, as a difference in tone. But just to be sure, I go over all the clients' papers and make a little erasable ring around the items in red ink." She looked at her watch and grabbed for her car keys. "I'd better get there and start ringing."

Barbara was a little late getting to the office, a well-kept, one-story building that had once been a real-estate office on one of the main streets of this prosperous suburb, and she hurried into Mr. Banning's office, her heart on tiptoe.

He was putting down the telephone, adding a name to a short list, which he handed to her, smiling casually. "Morning, Miss Davie. A slow morning—only four of your gents have called so far."

"Sorry I'm late, Mr. Banning," she said hastily, and took the list from him.

She allowed some of her friends to call her at the office, having heard that competition was supposed to be the life of trade, but Mr. Banning didn't seem to mind at all—damn him!

"Andrews," the list read. "Chas. Robbins, Fred Engel, Codorobrian or Porter O'Brien."

"Which is it?" Peter Banning asked curiously.

"Must have been Orr Pine . . . He stammers at little."

"He the one you were engaged to when you first came here to work?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly, a bit encouraged by the fact that he at least remembered something about her personal life. "That was Gordon Blythe. I haven't seen him for almost a year."

"Good!" Peter Banning said heartily, and the warmth of his smile encouraged her a bit more. But then he added: "I'm scared to death I'm going to lose the best secretary I ever

from page 17

had," and she was plunged back into gloom. "I've been dreading it right along, but now I think you must be waiting for Prince Andrew J. Charming."

"I'm waiting for you, you big lug, Barbara wanted to say, but instead she settled in her chair to take dictation and the usual day began. Only it stopped being a usual day abruptly at eleven o'clock with a long-distance call from the airport at Los Angeles.

It was a person-to-person call for Peter Banning, of Dallas, but Barbara was unlucky enough to hear the beginning of it.

She heard a feminine voice, clear and exultantly excited, exclaim, "Peter! Darling!"

And immediately Peter Banning's voice leaped to answer, "Ginny, honey!"

It was a long telephone call, during which Barbara sat staring at the loathsome instrument that had just electrocuted any small hope she'd ever had. Ginny, honey! That must be Virginia Price, the girl everybody knew Peter had gone around with before she won a beauty contest and went to Hollywood. Now she was a minor starlet, but maybe she'd decided she'd rather have Peter. Was that it? Oh, no, Barbara whispered urgently to herself; please, no.



The door to Banning's office was flung open and he came out excitedly.

"Drop everything, Miss Davie," he told her. "I've got to meet someone at the airport at four-thirty, and I'll need you to do some errands for me. Get my new suit from Bergson if you have to baste up the buttonholes yourself. I'll want a new shirt and tie . . . I'll change here without going home. Cancel my late afternoon and early morning appointments and pick out a corsage—a lulu—orchids—three or four orchids."

"That's not a corsage," Barbara said numbly. "That's a blanket."

"Well, the occasion," Peter said happily. "calls for something big and unusual." He looked at his watch. "Will I have time to pop over to the jeweler's before Mr. Simmons' appointment?"

Barbara nodded slowly. She ached so bitterly all over that she was afraid, if she moved quickly, something would break off.

"You have time to pop," she told her employer. And as he hurried out the door she saw through tear-blurred eyes the prismatic dazzle of the engagement ring he would select.

Peter Banning's secretary was very welcome at Bergson's. Barbara had been to some extent supervising her employer's

clothes since the day about six months ago when he'd been about to keep an appointment with a very wealthy prospective client.

Barbara had bravely stopped him as he was opening the door. "Oh, Mr. Banning," she'd said, "Mr. Hayward's an awful stuffy man."

Peter had grinned as she always wished he wouldn't be because it made her feel as though she'd been dropped from a plane without benefit of parachute.

"Even so, I hope to get him," Peter had said. "And it looks pretty good, because he's asked me to lunch with him at his club, which isn't too well aired, either."

"Then I'm afraid they're going to wonder a little bit about you. That tie . . ."

He had looked quickly down at it. "I paid twelve bucks for it."

"It's good goods," she'd told him gently. "But it's a shocking pink. And that handkerchief in your pocket is bordered with kelly-green, neither of which goes with your tan suit. You don't usually go so far afield, but today . . ."

"Shocking pink," Peter had said disgustedly. "I thought it was an orange-tan."

"And while we're at it, your socks don't match."

"I certainly seem to be the picture of what the well-dressed young executive never wears. Thanks for telling me, Miss Davie. And would you mind going down to Bergson's? They know all my sizes. Pick out what I should have and charge it."

Since that day—the day he got the Hayward account—Barbara had kept him in close sartorial harmony. Today she carefully chose the accessories to go with the new suit, trying not to think of how immaculately desirable Peter Banning would look when completely assembled.

It was really too cruel a trick to expect her to use her taste and energy to make him look more attractive to another woman, and that bitter feeling kept growing until it exploded suddenly in the florist's shop.

"A corsage of orchids, please," Barbara said, peering into the cool glass cases and thinking: I hate her, I hate her! "That one"—she pointed to a fragile green flower—"and that one"—an orchid orchid—"and that one," an exotic thing, spotted and somewhere between mustard and pea-green.

The florist took them out with that happy solicitude florists reserve for orchids, and began to prepare them as separate corsages.

"Together," Barbara said. "The florist looked dazed. "Together?"

"With a bow of that ribbon," Barbara gestured towards a roll of tinselled red ribbon.

Barbara had a moment of compunction when she saw the completed corsage. It was only a little short of nauseating. But she couldn't back down, and she steeled herself with assorted thoughts about everything being fair in love and that she wasn't, after all, disobeying her employer's orders to get something "big and unusual."

And maybe . . . oh, a very, very slim maybe . . . maybe Ginny, honey would say something critical and mean when she saw it, and this might lead to a quarrel, which would reveal her as heartless and unlovable. She certainly must be, to have left Peter for Hollywood.

She had another twinge when she paid twenty-two-fifty for the ribbon-tied box, and a worse one at a quarter to four when

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her boss, freshly shaved, tucked the box under his superbly tailored arm and thanked her for being so helpful.

"Nothing at all," she muttered guiltily.

"If you go home now and don't come in till ten tomorrow," he said generously, "no-body'll ever know it."

But Barbara stayed and worked until after five on three miserable jobs she'd been putting off for weeks, and even then she was afraid to stop working and go home, where she'd have to start contemplating a future with no Peter Banning in it.

"May I have the want ads?" Barbara dreamily asked her father the next morning at the breakfast table.

"Sure," he said, rustling them across to her. "What're you looking for? A new car, or a new way to get through life with no sleep at all? I saw your light on practically all night."

"If you'd had your own little pink eyes closed . . ."



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Continuing . . .

## Every Year Is Leap Year

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and surprised Barbara by smiling happily.

"That Ginny!" he exclaimed. "A girl in a million. A girl in eight million. She's got everything—beauty, charm, intelligence, a whole mouthful of the whitest teeth! You'll love her."

"I'm sure she's delightful," Barbara said through clenched teeth.

and swayed just a trifle, "and she said, 'Peter, my color-blind darling, I can see you picked this out for me personally, and I love you even more for it!'" He drank some more water and hiccupped mildly. "Scuse me. When I told her my secretary with the impeccable taste chose it she split another seam and she said—this'll hand you a laugh—said you must be in love with your boss." He laughed heartily, but the laugh had a self-conscious sound

"I told her this was one time when Freud was talking through his last year's hat . . . that you'd been engaged a couple of times to young bucks so rich and handsome I wouldn't have had the nerve to compete. If I'd tried, I'd only have embarrassed you and lost a secretary I wanted to keep."

He had forgotten to keep smiling, and now his eyes looked beyond her, at past moments in which he'd thought of her in a personal way and then cautiously renounced those thoughts. Barbara sensed his feeling and understood with a pang of loss that there had been a time when she'd had a small chance.

Peter busied himself at the water-cooler, his tone light and amused again.

"Ginny said, 'Well, she didn't marry 'em, did she?' And she said, 'If this girl has such wonderful taste, she must hate me to have picked out such a weird corsage . . . and the only reason for her to hate me, sight unseen, is that she's subconsciously jealous.'"

"It's an interesting theory," Barbara said coldly. "But the fact of the matter is that you said to get three orchids, and they were the only three he had."

"Oh," Peter Banning said in a curiously deflated tone.

He looked quickly away from her and reached for his hat.

"I don't think I'll be back at all today, Miss Davie," he said stiffly. "I'm lunching with Ginny and Rod and driving them to the airport about three, and it won't be worth coming back after that."

He was walking past her to the door when Barbara asked in a strangled croak, "Ginny and who?"

"Rod Stevens, her husband. Didn't you see the pictures of them in this morning's paper? Ginny wanted to keep it quiet for a while, but a couple of reporters caught us when I was driving them from her mother's to the hotel. It was a rush

job because Rod—he's a friend of mine; I introduced them—has only a forty-eight-hour pass."

A wild feeling of relief clamored through Barbara; her ears and her heart were singing with it, and she felt an urgent need to reach out and touch Peter Banning with her hand, or with words that would hold him.

She called after him abruptly. "Mr. Banning, I told you a lie. I don't quite know how to explain it," she stumbled on, "but the florist had lots of orchids."

She didn't know how to continue, and then it seemed she didn't need to. They stood looking at each other in a not altogether comfortable awareness of the implications of her statement.

"The subconscious plays funny tricks on us sometimes," he said.

He came back a few steps. "Maybe you'd like to drive along with me, meet Ginny and Rod, and after they take off, we could have dinner or something?"

Like to meet Ginny! There was no one in the world she was fonder of than Ginny, honey, the best friend a girl ever had.

"Love to," she said happily. As he smiled back the awkwardness between them dissolved; they felt secure and at ease with each other as though all the important questions between them had been asked and safely answered.

"Be with you as soon as I call home," she told him.

He went whistling to get the car.

"Mother," Barbara said into the telephone, "I won't be home to dinner tonight. Peter and I are going somewhere."

Her mother caught the excitement in her tone and asked curiously, "What'd you do to wake him up?"

"Peter has a mind of his own," Barbara said proudly. "He's a man of perception and initiative . . ."

"Yes, of course, dear," her mother said, and tactfully hung up before she started to laugh.

(Copyright)



"Well, frankly, I think he looks like any other three-weeks-old kid."

"And what a sense of humor! She almost split a seam in her mother's wedding dress laughing when she saw the orchids."

"What," Barbara asked weakly, "was she doing in her mother's wedding dress?"

"Getting married in it," Peter said, beaming.

The cold shock of it gave Barbara gooseflesh up the back of her neck. She'd been working hard at getting used to the idea of their being engaged, but married—oh, no!

"When she opened the box she kissed me," Peter smiled

and his eyes were speculative.

Over her first layer of shocked gooseflesh Barbara felt a second layer of prickly humiliation.

"And how," she tried to say carefully, "did she come to that conclusion?"

"Ginny's an amateur analyst now, like everybody else in Hollywood. So, just from that corsage she figured out how you feel about me. I mean, how she thinks you feel about me."

Barbara nodded with shamed resignation. "I asked for it, didn't I?"



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for Karla, let them alone. She can have the divorce."

"All right. And if he's not a good egg?"

Almost all the native good nature in Duncan was suddenly gone from his face. "No holds barred, Florrie!"

She went swiftly to him, her wrap swirling. "At-a-boy, Webb! You had me worried there for a minute with your darn gallantry. I wouldn't have thought you had it in you, but for once you looked mean. I like a man with a little meanness in him."

She put her arms around him. "I'll play fair with this bounder — not that I'm making up my mind in advance. He'll know he's in a fight, Webb. I know Karla better than Evans Talbot ever could. And I've got a weapon better than all the knuckle-dusters in every saloon in New York."

"You have?" said Duncan, awed by the fierceness of her tone into normal good nature. "What is it?"

She kissed him lightly and started for the door. He pulled

it open for her. "My secret, Webb," Florrie said. "You said you trust me. Do I have full powers?"

He smiled sadly, but with hope. "You're a plenipotentiary, Granny."

"You're another, Pops," she answered. She winked and was gone.

A week later Karla Webb was staring resentfully at a shoulder of the Sierra mountains from the glassed-in porch of a ranch ten miles or so outside Reno. The resentment was, even to herself, unaccountable, for the mountains were putting on quite a show of shifting colors.

The ranch could be called that only by the lingering courtesy of old definition. Nowadays it was a place where divorcees who could afford it — and it took some affording — spent their time for six weeks to establish the legal fiction that they were residents of the State and would not dream of living anywhere else. But to justify the name, the ranch did have a few listless horses and even more listless ranch hands.

Karla did not understand

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her mood, and tried to shake herself out of it. She could not find even her usual comfort in knowing that she was beautiful. It was an odd beauty, and even anachronistic; she wore her dark hair in a vaguely Grecian fashion, and her clothes were of no fashion at all, but she somehow looked well in them. Again she tried to shake the mood. She was, she told herself, happy beyond measure.

The man she was in love with would join her shortly, and that would be the end of the mood. When Evans Talbot talked to her she became a new woman. The idle years were over, the frivolous years, and a rich life with Evans lay ahead of her.

Aggie, the housekeeper, came out from the house and sat down next to Karla. Aggie was a thin little woman of late middle age. She was entitled to the martyred expression she wore, for she attended the divorcees morning and night, from the first day of their residence to the last, when she appeared as a witness to testify that she had seen them every day for six weeks, whether she had or not.

"We have a new one," Aggie said, "and you should see her."

"Should I?" said Karla, still gloomy, but too courteous to be short with Aggie, of whom, on brief acquaintance, she had become fond. Karla took naturally to eccentrics, and Aggie was an eccentric on a large scale. She was benevolent, but peppery with people who did not meet her perhaps unconventional standards; she was tactful with the divorcees, but the tact had always a touch of irony in it.

"The new one is in show business, too," Aggie said. "Or she was. Past it now, I should think. Nice woman, though flashy. I rather like it in this woman; it's honest. By and large, I like show people. Don't you?"

"Y-e-s," Karla said hesitantly. "You're one yourself, of course. I'd seen you in the films, but in this place you get used to seeing show folks. Even if I hadn't known you from the movies, I'd have spotted you for show business."

"Would you?" Karla said uncomfortably. She was thinking of Evans, but she could not quell the sense of excitement at knowing that someone else from the theatre had arrived at the ranch.

Aggie went on, "This new one was in musical comedy, I think. Looks like that, anyway. Big woman. Handsome. Uses make-up like it was her last chance to get any. She knows about you. Wants to meet you."

"Does she?" Karla said uneasily. "What's her name?"

Distinctly, in the house, the front doorbell rang. Aggie stood up. "Here we go again. One more divorcee, I bet, and I can tell you her story ahead of time. I can tell all their stories, except yours. You never talk about what a brute your husband is, and how much you're getting for a settlement. That's why I like you. Settlements and husbands—that's all I get all day long. You know, Mrs. Webb, they all sound like they were married to the same man. Beats me."

The doorbell rang again. "The maid's fallen asleep again," Aggie said resignedly. "I'll have to answer it myself." She went into the house, at no great speed. In a matter of seconds, she was back, leading a gentleman. "Mr. Talbot's here, Mrs. Webb," she said, and her voice had a formality that had not been in it before.

Karla stood up and, with a reproachful glance at Aggie, extended her hands to the newcomer. He kissed her fingertips, as Aggie went back into

the house, formal to the point of stiffness. Karla had a sense of being rebuked, and was irritated.

She lifted her lips for Evans Talbot's kiss, reminding herself that she loved this man and the disapproval of mere housekeepers scarcely mattered. He was certainly, by any usual standard, a very presentable man. He was tall, well-featured in a granite kind of way — no, not granite; godly. That was the word Karla had thought of when first she fell in love with him; she was a stranger to understatement.

He sat down in the chair vacated by Aggie. "I brought you a book," he said, and handed it to her. "It's Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' and when you've read it we'll read it together."

She opened the book to the title page a little apprehensively; then she riffled the pages, the apprehension growing. It seemed a very long book and it had no illustrations. A sudden memory came to her of a tag that Duncan had often quoted from some writer: "What use is a book without pictures or conversations?"

But she said, "It looks very interesting."

"It is," Evans said. "This is the kind of thing we'll be doing from now on. All that foolishness of the life you've been leading is behind you now, my dear. What a commonplace person your husband must be to have allowed it. A woman of your endowments — to be used so

Work keeps at bay three great evils: boredom, vice, and need.

—Voltaire.

frivolously! I knew from the moment I saw you the qualities that were there. To other people, you were only a beautiful woman. To me—"

Karla broke in with what she knew to be abrupt irrelevance. "How old are you, Evans?"

He showed his surprise with a high eyebrow. "Thirty-five. Why?"

Karla did not know why, so she made no answer. She had, for some years, made a habit of not thinking about her own age, as indeed she had no reason to; her youth might not be eternal, but it was durable. Besides, there had always been the comfortable gap between Duncan's age and her own; and Duncan was always considerate about pointing it out. There were nice things about Duncan, she thought resentfully.

"It hurt me to see you behind footlights, Karla," Evans said, since the age question seemed to have been settled.

Again a small mouse of resentment nibbled inside her.

"You don't belong behind footlights, Karla," he said. "At least, not all the time, and not in shoddy stuff."

"Ibsen isn't shoddy," Karla said, surprising herself. "That was what I did last."

He laughed indulgently. "I know, and I was grateful that I saw you in a noble play. But the other things you've done—ugh! I have everything planned, my dear. You won't leave the theatre altogether, but I will make sure that it is only theatre at its highest. An occasional revival, with you playing the great classic roles. But not for a year or two. You're having a hard time, I know, in this dreadful place, but it's only for a few weeks. Then we'll go abroad."

Now, Karla—apart from her vague resentments—had rather liked Reno. She had even, one night when Evans could not be with her, gone furtively to one

of the big hotels to see the floor show; she felt guilty about it, but could not resist joining in the community singing encouraged by an exuberant mistress of ceremonies.

But she played up to the role assigned her. "It is dreadful, Evans. Take my mind off it. Tell me more about what we'll do abroad."

He kissed her, closing his eyes. "My uncle is letting me have his place in Capri, and we'll get there eventually for a long stay. But first we'll do Rome. The churches, the ruins—Vergil's Rome. We'll see Florence—Dante's Florence. Moliere's Paris. Shakespeare's London. You see, I have some respect for theatre, after all."

Karla nodded, with little conviction.

Evans continued. "On Capri, we'll read. We'll take turns reading out aloud. The great philosophers—like Kant here—in the morning." He patted the book. "The great poets in the evening. I'll watch your mind unfolding like a flower in the sun. And on towards nightfall, about the time you'd be fussing

about in a messy dressing-room, we'll be reading. It's always wonderful to read Browning in Italy. We'll read 'The Ring and the Book.'"

Another scrap of knowledge retained from her years with Duncan returned. "Is that the big one where he tells the same story over about twelve times?"

Evans laughed. "A curious way of putting it, my dear, but that's the one. You see, I've had some influence on you already. Fancy your knowing about Browning's masterpiece."

Karla was torn between flattery and resentment. It was nice to be taken seriously, of course. But as he talked something like panic had added itself to her already confused emotions.

She was thinking, at eight o'clock in the evening, instead of being in a dressing-room, I'll be on an island in a faraway ocean. Instead of hearing a knock on the door and a voice calling, "Half hour, Miss Webb!" I'll be listening to a

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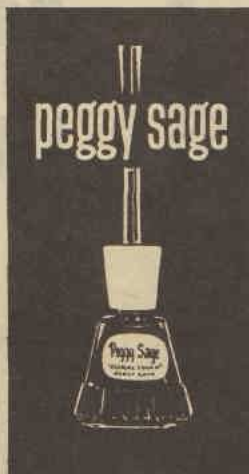
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long poem. She thought of Duncan and unaccountably—this was her day for unaccountableness—of Florrie.

The screen door banged, and she heard Aggie's voice. "Mrs. Webb, may I interrupt you for a minute? Our new guest does so want to meet you. She's the one I told you about, who was in show business too. She still uses her stage name. Come on out, Miss Fair."

Miss Fair! Karla turned her head towards the door, Evans had a look of thoroughgoing disgust, but Karla's look was pure astonishment. Miss Fair, it was—Florrie as large as life and ever so much gaudier, dressed in a flowery frock that did nothing to minimise her ampleness.

She clasped her hands and looked at Karla admiringly. "Lovely," she said, as she approached, "you're as darling off the screen as on, and that's saying a lot . . . Isn't she, son?" she added, turning to Evans.

He nodded coldly and signalled with his eyes to Karla. "Shall we go for our walk now?"

Karla made no move to rise, but continued to stare at Florrie. She wondered, in the midst of her amazement, how much of the conversation between Evans and herself Florrie had heard; for Florrie, though she went on prattling, had a purposefulness in her manner.

"When Aggie told me you were here, I was that pleased! I said to myself, we could have a nice chat about the business. Honey, is there anything like the talk that goes on when show folks get together? Your friend in show business, too?" She pointed to Evans.

Perfunctorily, Karla said, "Oh, Miss Fair, Mr. Talbot."

"How d'ye do?" Florrie said. "You're not in the business, I bet. You don't have the look."

Karla, her face expressionless now, turned her eyes on Evans. He was desperately trying to let her know by his face that he wanted to take that walk. Karla said, "No, Mr. Talbot isn't in the theatre. He's . . ."

She paused. "He's a scholar. He studies philosophy and poetry."

"All day?" said Florrie. "All

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right, if he likes it. But I should think the time would hang a little heavy. What have you been doing lately, honey? I haven't seen you in a picture in a long time."

Evans said stiffly, "Mrs. Webb is through with pictures. And she's virtually retired from the stage."

"Except for revivals," Karla said.

"Yes," said Evans. "A revival now and then but no long runs. Mrs. Webb was in a revival of 'A Doll's House' recently. We agree that she will

To know the pains of power we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it.

—C. C. Colton.

never play in anything lower than that level."

"'A Doll's House'?" Florrie said. "Kid's play?"

Karla made a strangled sound and then apologised to Evans. "Sorry. Something in my throat."

"It is not a kid's play, as you call it," Evans said. "It's by Ibsen."

"Ibsen, eh?" said Florrie. "Since my time, more than likely. But don't tell me about playwrights. I knew them all in my day. Used to go out with one and he acted like a perfect gentleman, except towards the end of the evening. He wrote the book for a thing I was in called 'Snuggles'. I played the title part, and the public lapped it up like cream—or, my public being what it was, like bonded bourbon. The ushers used to have to push them out of the aisles when I sang the hit number."

Florrie hummed a few bars. "It was a little blue maybe, but catchy. I was in another thing of that same fellow's and be-

lieve me, dears, it was a stinker. It was called 'The Dipsy-Doodle Girl,' and without me to carry it, it would have folded in the middle of the first act on opening night."

Karla's face was elongated in the muscles near the mouth, as though some expression was being suppressed.

Evans stood up and said sternly, "Karla, I insist that you come with me. We have other things to talk about than—dipsy-doodle girls."

The emotion Karla had been holding back broke through. She laughed, loudly, helplessly, the tears streaming down her face. Evans turned and walked to the far end of the porch. Florrie sat placidly with her hands folded.

When Karla's laughter had subsided, Florrie said, "Did I say something wrong?"

The laughter broke again, but through it Karla managed to say, "Oh, no! Everything you said was right—exactly right. And you knew it, too. How long had you been inside that screen door?"

Florrie winked.

"It doesn't matter," Karla said. "You're my favorite dipsy-doodle girl and you've saved me from a fate worse than death."

Florrie winked again. Karla, shaking with a quieter laughter now, walked down the porch to Evans.

"What has come over you?" he whispered. "Do you like talking to that old vulgarian?"

"Yes," she answered. "I do. And I intend to do a lot of it." She was not whispering. She was almost shouting.

"Because, do you know something, Evans? I'm a vulgarian, too." She took his hand and led him back to Florrie.

"Evans," she said, "I should like you to meet my grandmother."

Evans gaped. "Don't let your jaw hang like that, sonny," Florrie said. "Not becoming."

Karla laughed again, and there was joy as well as mirth in the laughter. "My grandmother, Evans. She's not the character she made herself out

to be—not quite, anyway. But she's everything you don't like about show business. And everything I do like. Go to Capri by yourself, Evans."

"You've lost your senses."

"It's more fun being out of your senses, Evans; and you, poor dear, will never know that. I almost made an ass of myself until the marines here landed."

She placed a hand on Florrie's shoulder. "It's my fault, Evans, for letting my acting run away with me. Really, I don't have anything against Dante's Florence, but I like Durante's New York, and the Marx Brothers' Hollywood, too. So, while you're reading 'The Ring and the Book' in Capri, I'll be putting on my make-up in whatever dressing-room I'm given. Goodbye, Evans, I like playing the classics, but I don't think I could spend my whole life acting Portia. I want to be Sadie Thompson sometimes."

"Goodbye," he said stiffly. "Your book," Karla said, handing it to him. "I won't have to read it. I know somebody who will give me a synopsis."

Evans wheeled and went into the house. The door slammed behind him. Karla said, "I have a long-distance phone call to make. Want to listen in, Granny?"

"Try to stop me," Florrie said.

In New York Duncan woke up when the phone rang. He lifted it sleepily, without getting out of bed. "Karla? . . . Why, of course, I'll give you a synopsis of 'The Critique of Pure Reason' . . . As soon as you arrive. I'll wait for you right where I am . . . Wait. I know you love me, but let me talk to Florrie." He smiled into the mouthpiece. "Florrie? What was the secret?"

His laughter at the end was gentle. "Secret, my foot, you old fraud. Shakespeare used it in 'Twelfth Night' and he swiped it from 'Plautus'. I should have thought of it myself. A belly laugh is the best weapon against prigs and snobs."

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## SPARK UP WITH SPARKLING ENO

E.AUS.3/56



## Henry Fonda and his Contessa

Henry Fonda's recent marriage to lovely young Italian Countess Afdera Franchetti is the climax of a romance which began with the making in Rome of the epic "War and Peace."

FONDA'S new bride—his fourth—is the daughter of the famous Italian explorer Count Raimondo Franchetti, "Italy's Lawrence," who died mysteriously in an aeroplane crash in the middle 'thirties on the eve of Italy's invasion of Abyssinia.

The svelte, green-eyed Afdera is 24, rich, independent, and has not been married before.

Fonda, who is roughly twice her age but looks much younger, was first married to actress Margaret Sullivan, then to the late Frances Brokaw.

Six months ago he was divorced from his third wife, Susan Blanchard, the step-daughter of famous songwriter Oscar Hammerstein.

It was Henry's Roman visit to begin work in "War and Peace" which saw the end of his last marriage.

Towards the end of filming, Fonda relaxed his absorption

in work and the early-to-bed routine of a hard-working star.

He opened the doors of his house in Rome and played host to some of his friends in the international film colony.

One of his guests brought along the young Countess Franchetti. Even for the unimpressible Fonda it was a romantic setting in which to meet an aristocratic beauty and sense the instant sympathy that was established between them.

Soon after, Fonda and the Countess were seen walking together around the quieter Roman streets, in the gardens, and eating in picturesque artists' cafes.

The romance only became obviously serious when Fonda

escorts, Afdera was battling for admission to the Academy of Dramatic Art.

She joined a classical touring company with the job of reciting its prologues.

The company went broke and Afdera gave up acting. She found that the players treated her as a stranger, a rich, aristocratic dilettante who, they thought, toyed with a career for amusement.

She channelled her interest in the theatre into financing plays and lost enough to make it hurt.

Soon after this she met Fonda, moody, sensitive, cultured Henry Fonda; a man who not only talked paintings, but painted and sculpted; who not only talked brilliantly of books, but himself wrote under a pseudonym for leading American reviews.

And, who, above all, was one of the most profoundly dedicated big stars of the theatre she adored.

When Fonda left for America it looked as though his Roman idyll had come to an end.

But soon after he had gone, Afdera decided to make a trip to the U.S. to visit friends.

By this time Henry's breach with his wife had become final and their divorce was under way.

It needed Afdera to become ill to bring Henry flying from Broadway to her bedside by plane. And if it only turned out to be influenza, it gave Fonda enough of a fright to make him propose.

The Countess Afdera Franchetti spent a serene convalescence doing a round of the great Roman dress salons, buying up cocktail frocks, evening dresses, costumes—and a white wedding dress.

By  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

left Rome to visit Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer in Paris, and the Countess Afdera Franchetti went with him.

One of the things which had drawn these two together was their passion for the theatre.

In recent years Fonda has been better known in the world of show business as a distinguished star on Broadway, and for turning stage and movie producer himself, than for his Hollywood starring roles.

As for the green-eyed young Countess Franchetti, the thing which had kept her from marrying into high Roman society was her determination to take up a theatrical career.

While other Italian debutantes were thinking of the season's parties and its crop of

in Rome finishing "The Quiet American" for Joseph Mankiewicz. He's fighting desperately to regain the 20lb. he lost while ill in Vietnam.

Audie and his wife never go night-clubbing. They have many close friends and occasionally entertain them in their home. Audie has only seen one of his films—"To Hell and Back."

"I can't stand myself," he says, when asked why he doesn't see his films. He also doesn't attend film premieres.

Pamela has been attending a cooking school in Beverly Hills for nearly a year now.

"I didn't know how to cook when we were married," she admits. "But I do now."

Incidentally, Pamela does all the cooking.

She has a colored maid who helps her with the cleaning and a 14-year-old Japanese girl, whom Audie brought back from Japan, where he filmed "Joe Butterfly," who helps take care of the children.

The girl's parents wanted her to have an American education and Audie agreed to let her stay with the family while attending high school in exchange for helping Pamela with the children.



IN ROME, where Fonda and his Contessa met last year, they were photographed buying magazines from a newsstand. Henry was in Europe for his role in "War and Peace."



HENRY FONDA and his Italian bride, the Contessa Afdera Franchetti, were married at a simple ceremony in Henry's home, with his 17-year-old son, Peter, as best man. It is the fourth marriage for Henry, and the first for the Contessa.

## QUIET HOME LIFE FOR STAR

From LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

Anyone seeing Audie Murphy on the streets of San Fernando Valley, clad in faded drills, worn-down boots, and an old army shirt, would find it hard to believe he's a movie star, America's most decorated war hero, and a very wealthy young man.

TWELVE years ago, as the winner of 24 military decorations, he was brought to Hollywood as a celebrity and potential movie actor. But Hollywood didn't want him. Months of idleness drained what little money he had brought with him.

Audie was about to go back to where he had come from—a farm in Texas—when a studio gave him a contract. Pictures followed. Fourteen is the total today, and today, too, Audie is an actor.

Three years ago he came out with a book, "To Hell and Back," which a ghost-writer helped him to write. It hit the best-seller list in 1954, and Universal-International bought the film rights to it and cast Audie in his own life story.

He received a percentage of the film's profits, which netted him over half a million dollars.

All the money he's earned in Hollywood has been wisely invested. He bought a home for himself and his family in San Fernando Valley. It is a two-story, three-bedroom, ranch-style house.

Audie lives there with his second wife, Pamela, and

their two sons, Terry, 5, and James, 3.

During his early days in Hollywood Murphy married actress Wanda Hendrix, who helped to make an actor out of him. The marriage failed.

Today Audie owns a 17,000-acre ranch in Vail, Arizona, some 30 miles from Tucson, and has it stocked with 400 head of cattle.

He hopes to retire there in a few years and run the ranch himself. Of course, he'll return occasionally to Hollywood to make one or two films a year, just as Joel McCrea does.

He has set up his own film company, Audie Murphy Productions, and already has filmed one picture, "Guns Of Ft. Petticoat." He has the film rights to another, "Woods Colt," and has a writer preparing it now. He may star in it himself or he may hire a younger actor for the role. Recently, Audie has been



AUDIE MURPHY, "The Quiet American."



# Film comedy spoofs psychoanalysis

● "Oh Men! Oh Women!", a plushy, handsomely mounted comedy spoofing psychoanalysis, brings together the combined talents of David Niven, Ginger Rogers, Dan Dailey, a newly pert and able Barbara Rush, and comic discovery Tony Randall, who is making his debut in this 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope film as a dogged, totally uninhibited ex-suitor.

To get just the right feeling for the shipboard sequences, top comedy director Nunnally Johnson took his delighted cast from Hollywood to New York, and shot the scenes aboard the luxurious French liner *Liberte*.

David Niven's appearance as the smooth, self-complacent New York psychoanalyst will bring joy to the hearts of his fans—specially as lovely Barbara Rush teaches him one or two things about women that the text-books left out.

*Film Fan-Fare*



ABOVE: Home-loving film star Arthur Turner (Dan Dailey) learns all about the benefits of psychoanalysis from his wife Mildred (Ginger Rogers). Arthur spoils Ginger's fun with his dislike of parties.

★

ROLE of Mildred Turner is tailor-made for Ginger (left), always the girl to revel in beautiful clothes and smart dialogue. In the film Ginger thinks she has inhibitions and so is a sucker for psychoanalysis.





ABOVE: Psychoanalyst Coles (Niven), who thinks he understands women, tries to straighten out the muddled matrimonial affairs of patient Mildred and her husband, Arthur.

BELOW: His theories about women now shaken, and admitting he is "confused" but is willing to "adjust," Coles shows Myra the flowers he has ordered for their bridal suite.



ABOVE: Usually demure Myra (Barbara Rush) has a lot of explaining to do all round as an old boy-friend (Randall) unexpectedly reappears and talks about the girl that his Myra used to be.

LEFT: Losing his superior calm, Coles, just like any other man, disposes of Myra's unwanted old flame in a way that is unethical but effective, hurrying him off the ship by means of he-man tactics.



Mrs. Hathaway, like a million other Australian women, washes up every day in Rinso's richer, softer suds.

She says: "The generous Rinso lather makes light work of the biggest stack of greasy dishes." And just see how those rich, soft suds keep Mrs. Hathaway's hands as smooth and soft as her own little daughter's.

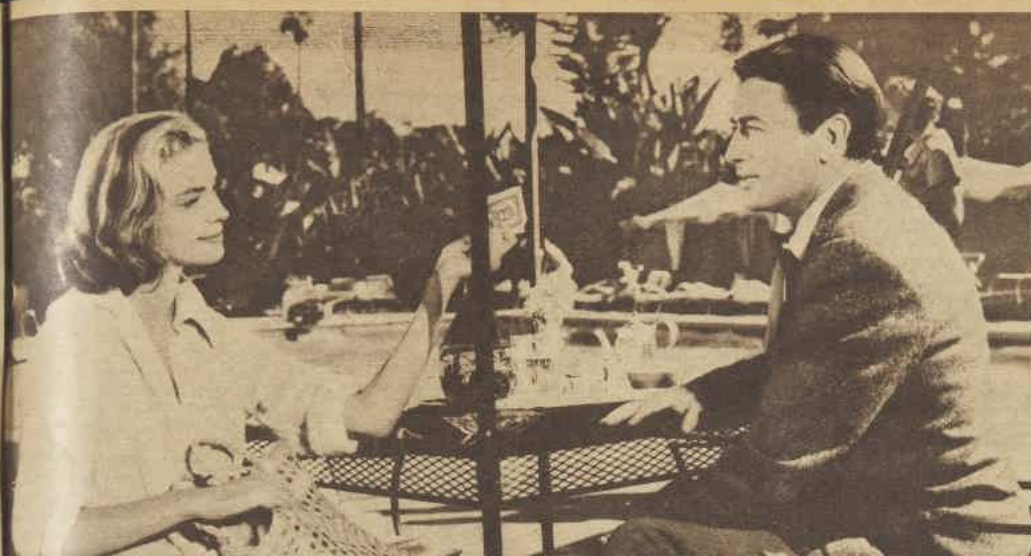
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# Your hands are out of hot water much sooner because Rinso speeds-up dishwashing

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spoons come out not just soap-and-water-clean but hygienically-clean. But, even more important, your hands are in hot water only half the time because Rinso is so speedy. Wash-up the modern way with Rinso! More than a million Australian housewives do every day.





**ACE SPORTSWRITER** Mike Hagen (Gregory Peck) is considerably surprised when he is handed part of his golf-tournament winnings by an attractive girl named Marilla (Lauren Bacall), whom he meets at breakfast beside the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. He has forgotten that during a night of celebration he tossed his winnings about, and that Marilla helped him telephone his story to his editor.



**2 LOVE** comes as they learn more about each other. Mike tells Marilla of his feud with a fight-promoting mob.

## NEW COMEDY

★ Metro's new color comedy, "Designing Woman," about the married life of a woman fashion designer and a crusading sportswriter, uses the surprise star pairing of Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck.

Dolores Gray, who came to films via Broadway musicals, has the role of Peck's television and stage star ex-girlfriend. She sings the old Sophie Tucker song from the early 'twenties, "There'll be Some Changes Made."

English actor Tom Helmore appears as a theatrical producer.



**3 BACK** in his bachelor apartment, Mike thinks he manages to conceal a picture of his ex-girlfriend from his new bride, but Marilla finds it.



**4 WIFE** and old girlfriend (Dolores Gray) meet when a theatrical friend of Marilla's asks her to do the designs for his new musical show in which Dolores is to appear as star.



**5 HIDING OUT** so that he can continue his exposure of the fight racket, Mike is found by mobsters. They threaten to kidnap Marilla if he won't drop the fight investigations.



**6 ARRIVING** at the stage door of the Boston theatre where Marilla has gone for the show's opening, Mike is just in time to tangle with the kidnapers, who already have Marilla.



**7 EMERGING** from a pile of toppled cartons Marilla finds herself in Mike's arms at the fight's end. At their joy in finding neither is harmed, all their old differences are forgotten.

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The way you'll feel to-morrow depends on how you sleep to-night. Make *Milo* your regular "nightcap" and you'll find that you sleep restfully and wake up full of zest and good cheer. Delicious chocolate-flavoured *Milo* soothes the nerves; helps tired muscles to relax and—while you sleep— aids Nature to restore expended energy. That's because *Milo* is a nourishing blend of pure country milk, malted cereals, health minerals and energising vitamins. Drink and enjoy *Milo* . . . 'twill do you a world of good!

FOR SOUND, RESTFUL SLEEP

**MILO**

A NESTLE'S PRODUCT



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## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

from page 21

the glazed glance turned wide. "With you . . . just a min—"

His eyelids drifted down again, but Caroline turned from her first objective; with the same heart-pounding nonchalance she walked out of the room. The back door, then, in the shadowy little hall where the rubbery wrappings of a murderer dangled casually from a hook . . . there in the half-dark, her desperate calm deserted her. She fumbled for the block of wood and then the iron latch, turning a fingernail back somewhere in the frantic process.

The door came wrenching open on a draught of black chilly air, and she was out of the house.

She had watched the police in their circling advance, and miraculously the brief glimpses of wet grass and background came merging together now to form a guide. Directly ahead was a tiny incline, leading down to the scattered old fruit trees, to her right the short dark finger of the stable angling out from the house. Caroline went left, encountered the scratchy fingers of a holly tree in the hollow corner of the house, and began to run down the overgrown lane up which Carmichael had driven his car hours ago.

Carmichael, who had reached out almost severely for her hand, who was miles away and not to be thought of, because that way led to despair.

She was half-way down the lane when she and the grass and her own furry sloping shadow were caught in a sudden burst of light that was like a silent explosion. The light went out instantly, but in that flaring second it had picked out the rutted pattern of the lane.

A door dropped softly shut somewhere along the line of the house; behind her, the night began to pound with a muffled and horrible intentness. With the memory of that betrayingly straight line burned against her eyelids, Caroline cut wildly off at a tangent.

Wet grass, the steep rise of the bank, panic cutting her breath in half and the despairing knowledge that she had done all this before turning her legs unreliable; after one instant of decision she ran blankly and blindly, like a cat from a dog. In what seemed at once a twinkling and an endless procession of blurred black scenes, something caught her viciously on one shoulder and sent her spinning and tumbling to the ground; an equally vicious whisper, close above her, bubbled something indistinguishable.

Caroline gathered in her reeling breath and shrieked, or

thought she did, and somewhere in the house a window went up.

A voice—Mrs. Oliver's—said from what seemed echoing miles away: "Who is it? Is someone out there?" at almost the exact moment that a rough jarring impact hit Caroline and the night rushed soundlessly away.

She came spiralling back slowly, warily, letting in consciousness like something out of an eye-dropper, a cautious measure at a time. There was something the matter with her head, a pain that was waking as she was, little by little. The surface her hands had been struggling against was not grass but a bed, and the thick yellow glow that had felt like late-morning sun was electric light. Beyond it the windows were black.

**T**HE pain in her head and the full implications of this quiet room hit Caroline with a sudden raw clarity that made her go rigid in the bed. She had not been allowed to escape. She was back in the house, and nothing was changed at all—except that she had betrayed herself finally and irrevocably to the killer who walked solicitously through rooms, who had helped lock doors, mockingly, against the innocent night.

Which of them? Or—all of them? Lie still. Pretend . . . Somewhere out of sight, someone said mutely: "Did you get him?"

"He's coming at once." That was Miss Mayberry's voice, lowered but crisp, trained to sick-rooms. "She's coming to . . . get a glass of water, will you?"

The clenching of her hands on the sheet must have given her away, when she would have liked time to accustom herself to this new and intimate danger and think about what she must do.

Caroline opened her eyes slowly and unwillingly and felt her lids flinch at the sudden pain; she did not have to pretend the slow, bewildered turn of her gaze. They had put her in what must be Mrs. Oliver's bedroom, papered in a scramble of faded wildflowers, windowed on two sides. A lamp on the dressing-table lighted a profusion of propped-up photographs.

Miss Mayberry stood beside the bed, watching her with a peculiar expression—or was it lack of expression?—on her shrewd weathered face.

But she said only: "Head bad? Don't talk if it hurts" and put out an automatic hand for Caroline's wrist.

In spite of all her new caution Caroline could not control a flicker of resistance; Miss Mayberry saw and recorded it with a very faint lift of her eyebrows. She said a moment later: "The doctor's on his way. . . . Though you're surprisingly undamaged for a girl who just crashed full tilt into an elm tree."

"But I—" It was as instinctive as the steeling of her wrist, but Caroline stopped herself in time—and was aware that something else had stopped sharply, too; motion in the doorway. She said vaguely: "Did I? I must have," and motion in the doorway carried through and became Mrs. Oliver, bearing a glass of water.

Her face was pale and somehow crumpled, as though someone had pushed a careless hand across it, her bright hazel eyes were round and peering. "Caroline! Thank heaven you're all right—when I found you out there I thought for a minute . . ."

"Mrs. Oliver," said Miss Mayberry containedly, "if I could have that water, please?"

Mrs. Oliver moved apologetically around the bed. Caroline turned her head fractionally to track down something bothering the edge of her vision; it was Julie, who had been leaning silently in the doorway. She had changed into a navy wool dressing-gown and without the drifts of white chiffon she looked surprisingly less like an invalid.

She said, interrupting a murmur that had been going on over Caroline's head: "Your medicine box? It's in here, I think. I'll get it."

Medicine box . . . what for? The doctor was coming, an outsider, safe. Someone else could tell about the fingers spread deliberately across the back of her head out there in the dark, the driving deadly push forward . . . Caroline put her damp hands under the sheet, because she had to buy her life with innocence until the doctor arrived.

Julie was back, and with her, hovering uneasily at the edge of the lamplight, Henry. His dark head was wet and he looked damp and distracted, as though he had dressed in haste after a bath. He gave Caroline a glance of entreaty, and she smiled faintly and automatically back.

It was like a clearing in the jungle, she thought, with animals gathering, inching closer,

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## Floral embroidery transfer



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 22, 1957



waiting for the first sign of fear.

"This," said Miss Mayberry, extending her palm and the glass of water, "is to keep you quiet until the doctor gets here—his orders, in fact. Get it down like a good girl and then we'll leave you in peace."

The tablet was white and very small. The size of her future? No, thought Caroline coldly. Oh, no. But she mustn't seem openly afraid, she must somehow pretend to take the tablet, or be about to take it.

That went through her mind like lightning, and then Julie said practically, "She can't possibly get anything down, lying flat like that," and Mrs. Oliver was moving forward, too. "Perhaps another pillow?"

Did they mean to force her?

Caroline pushed herself wildly up on one elbow and found it was the wisest thing she could have done; instantly, a wave of nausea rose to counterpoint the heavy forward-thudding pain in her head. She said between gasps: "I couldn't—keep anything down just now. If you'd just—leave it there..."

Miss Mayberry deposited the tablet hastily on the bedside table. "There you are. Want a basin?"

The sickness had passed—had it been pure terror? But it mustn't look like that.

## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

from page 48

"Perhaps I'd better," said Caroline weakly, and lay back, reprieved. Out of the corner of her eye she could still see the water glass and the tablet lying beside it. If only she could be sure it was what it pretended to be, because the left side of her head still throbbed alarmingly from her sudden movement—but she could not be sure.

SHE closed her eyes, and the pain began to quiet again.

"All right now?" Smoothings of the pillow, tuckings of the sheet, someone opening a window; she held her body braced, listening for the sound of the doctor's car, hearing the murmurs around her. And a new voice, downright as a stone crashing through a web—Lydia's, saying plaintively: "What on earth was she doing outside in any case?"

Caroline wondered only that it had been so long in the asking. She opened her eyes and said with deliberate vagueness, careful not to find any face at all: "I shouldn't have gone so far from the house, but I wanted some fresh air—and then when I did get out and it was so dark, I lost my head and began to run. For the

porch, I suppose. I wasn't thinking very clearly, and somebody moved an elm."

Silence. Who was laughing secretly, contemptuous of this feeble bid for immunity?

Mrs. Oliver's pale, anxious brow puckered; she said slowly: "You screamed."

"Did I?" said Caroline. Her hands under the sheet and light blanket felt wet. "I don't remember."

"Yes, because that was what woke me. I couldn't think what . . . you must have heard something to frighten you."

"I'm frightened of everything tonight," said Caroline.

"Hardly surprising, in the circumstances," Miss Mayberry said, and again her voice had that curious, noncommittal sound—as though, thought Caroline, she had done the mental equivalent of taking pulses and blood pressures all round the room, but was schooled by habit to observe and nothing more. "We ought to be quiet in here, so if you don't mind . . ."

They left obediently, and Caroline was alone, knowing that she had just been through a test, knowing that she had not

stood a chance of passing it from the beginning. She looked at the door; it was pulled lightly to, but not closed. How easy for one of them to slip in here—

It was unwise to start thinking about that, because she had to be calm and rational for the doctor.

But her hair, her face; she must look demure. The mirror over the dressing-table was hung high, and even when she doubled the pillow and pushed herself back and up, ignoring the pain in her temple, she could only see the top of the headboard reflected. But the photographs on the dressing-table came into focus, portraits, most of them, so that for a chilling second she had a sensation of not being alone in the room at all.

There was a younger, prettier Julie, smiling without bitterness over her shoulder, and an unreal Lydia, polite and flat and wearing an unfortunate highlight on her nose. There was a dark profile of Henry, staring boredly and a little haughtily ahead of him, and Mrs. Oliver herself, looking almost frightening because the studio had retouched all the comfortable

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Shower Tea?  
Bride-to-be?

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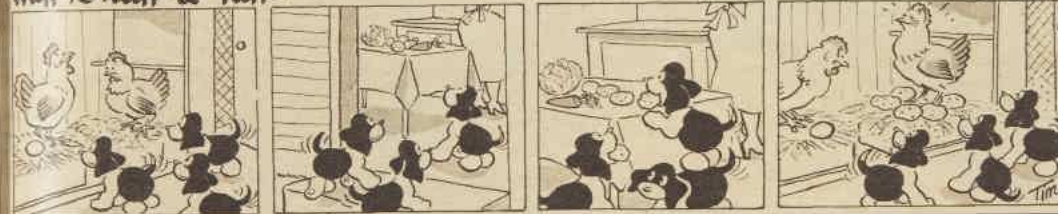


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at 50**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 22, 1957





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## New

## New

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## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

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crumples from her face and left it a pale foreshortened egg. There was even a snapshot of Miss Mayberry tucked into the mirror-frame, with a smudge at her feet that must have been Duke.

Which of them, pretending sleep, had heard the wire hanger clatter to the floor of the tiny back hall, and made the association of hanger, raincoat, damning knowledge? Which of them had pursued her with such murderous silence in the dark, wholly intent — part of the whisper had come back — upon breaking her neck?

The photographs took a blurring lurch. Caroline put out a frightened and fumbling hand for the water on the bedside table. It was cold in her thirsty throat, and the room steadied. She had swallowed almost half of it when her muscles stopped in paralysis and she took the glass away from her lips with a hand that shook.

Supposing the tablet had been perfectly innocent, and there was something in the water? Had it tasted very faintly metallic in the back of her throat? Oh, heavens . . .

Part of her mind said that this must be hysteria, but her stomach reflexes were not to be reasoned with. She began to cough chokingly into the towel Miss Mayberry had put beside her on the bed, and the door opened almost at once.

"Fill go down the wrong way?" said Miss Mayberry inquiringly, and began to advance. But if she came up to the bed she would see that the tablet was still there, and she would see Caroline's damply beaded forehead and all the small marks of terror.

"No," said Caroline in a gasp. "I'm all right," and took the towel away from her face and sent an instinctive wary glance at the bedside table. But she needn't have worried, because the small white tablet that had been nowhere near the edge of it was gone.

It seemed at one point as if she would never be alone with the doctor at all. Miss Mayberry stood capably by while he conducted his examination and said concussion, and when he had finished Mrs. Oliver came to stand anxiously at the foot of the bed. Someone else — Julie? Henry? — kept pacing up to and away from the partly open door.

It was not until Caroline said with deliberate delicacy: "Doctor, while you're here, there's something else I ought to tell you," that the room emptied.

Dr. Evinwall was a small, grey, partly bald man who might have been composed of ashes and smoke; he drifted rather than walked and looked wistfully as though he wished he were not there at all. When Caroline said: "Doctor, you've got to get me out of this house, you've got to take me with you," he gave her a glance of pure horror.

"There isn't time to tell you why," said Caroline, sitting up in her petticoat, "but I didn't run into a tree, I was pushed into it, deliberately, by someone in this house." She heard her voice go tilting up. Desperately, because her life might depend on this ephemeral little man, she got it back to a reasonable whisper. "You needn't believe me. Just take me with you, to a hospital if you have to, or anywhere at all away from here."

Like talking to a ghost, she thought despairingly, or a wisp of fog that had accidentally assumed the shape of a man. He would eddy away at any moment — but he didn't. He looked at her with ethereal kindness and said, "Yes, I see. Now you just lie down . . ."

Caroline stared at him, wildly at first, and then knowingly. They had talked to him, of course, warned him about tales of mortal danger; that was why he looked as though he had heard all this before. There was nothing to be gained by shrieking as she wanted to, although he was looking at his watch, snapping his bag shut.

She said in a harsh whisper that was almost a cry: "Oh, wait. Whatever anyone's told you, you know yourself that I'm not delirious."

The doctor turned his patient face and said with unexpected querulousness: "I know that you're in a hysterical state and that you've just had a bad blow on the head and that you must stay quiet for a time. I'll call again during my morning rounds and—Miss Emmett, you must not carry on like this."

Caroline had swung her bare legs out of bed; at his tone and the suggestion in it that he was about to call one of the Olivers, she stayed still. "You won't take me?"

"You'll be yourself in no time if you behave yourself," said Evinwall evasively, and



began to drift towards the door. Going, going . . .

Caroline watched him, clenching her fingers. When his hand went out for the door knob she said suddenly: "Doctor, was I supposed to take something before you came? A pill of some sort?"

"I believe I suggested one, yes."

"What would it have looked like?"

Now he must really think she was mad, but it didn't matter. "I didn't know what there might be in the house," Evinwall said patiently, "so it might have been a red capsule or a white tablet—either would have done."

But the little white tablet would have done something quite dangerous, or else why had it been removed? It had come from Miss Mayberry's medicine box, and Julie had brought it from the living-room.

After her refusal to swallow the tablet when she had lain with her eyes closed pretending sickness, there had been that solicitous stir near the bed while her sheets were tucked in, the window lowered, so that any one of them could have made that small extra gesture at the bedside table.

Caroline lay very still, trying fiercely to quell the tiny cold pattern of perspiration growing along her hairline. She had made one nearly fatal mistake; she must think, now, and not allow herself to be panicked into making another.

The doctor was making his exit at the front door, and phrases emerged half audibly: " . . . highly excitable state . . . wouldn't advise, just now . . ."

"Of course, Doctor," replied Mrs. Oliver's voice. "We wouldn't dream of leaving her alone for long."

The front door closed. Voices

murmured and dimmed; there seemed to be a general exodus towards the kitchen. A single drop of perspiration rolled ticklingly down into Caroline's eyebrow: reaction, because she was to have a breathing spell after all.

The door of the bedroom opened very quietly.

Carmichael found the address in the telephone book after twenty minutes of fruitless cruising round the outskirts of East Sea. He seemed trapped for an eternity in a neighborhood of what sounded like small alert dogs and large alert roosters, and he had passed through the same housing estate twice before he saw the sign, discreetly rustic, pinned to a tree.

Chartwell Road. Somewhere along it, Number 31.

No chickens here. No dogs either, unless they were cooly asleep in baskets. Chartwell Road tunneled coolly under arching trees, lit at chaste intervals by street lamps that showed an occasional glimmer of pillars, a wrought-iron gate, a sculptured hedge. Even the shadows seemed brushed and combed, a rebuke to the wild rags of black that had danced under Carmichael's headlights before. Even in the small hours, Chartwell Road was still wealthy.

Interesting, Carmichael thought. The question was, had he said too much over the telephone? Or too little?

Just enough apparently, because the darkness was suddenly broken, round a curve, by the radiance of a door lantern that glowed on pink brick and ivy and an austere half-moon of lawn. The car headlights picked up the number 31.

Dr. R. A. Abercrombie, late of Traverton House, did himself well.

Carmichael closed the door of his car quietly behind him and walked up the path. He was a good five feet from the brass-knocked door when it opened and a man stepped into the light. He was short and plump, fiftyish, with a rosy face and a rosy bald head fringed with white; the pockets of an old but expensive tweed suit bulged and sagged.

He looked every inch a bluff and skilful Scottish physician, and Carmichael distrusted him on sight for no better reason than that he might have been delivered to somebody who had ordered a bluff and skilful Scottish physician.

Abercrombie said with an understandable chill: "Come in, Mr. Carmichael. In spite of this peculiar request of yours, I see no reason for waking the entire household," and held the door wide.

"Very kind of you," Carmichael found himself automatically bowing a little as though he were at a medical conference.

Abercrombie led the way through a polished shadowy hall into a white-panelled study, and Carmichael glanced briefly round him at books and files, all of them clearly read and used; a handsome but obviously worn desk, a deep leather chair, a glove on a stand. The room looked dauntingly authentic and sincere, the retreat of a busy professional man.

He'd hardly see me at three-thirty in the morning, thought Carmichael coldly, if it were all beer and skittles. He's got something to worry about.

Abercrombie opened the sparring. "This life-and-death matter, Mr. Carmichael—what is it?"

Chartwell Road would want nothing to do with a woman battered to death in an abandoned quarry.

"I may have misled you a

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Continuing . . .

## The Longest Night

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little about that, doctor," Carmichael said with an air of deprecating frankness. "The fact is that I have reason to think—so have the police—that one of your former nurses may be in very serious trouble. It seemed possible that she might have communicated with you, and any lead at all would be valuable."

"Nurses?" said Abercrombie, raising tufted brows. "I don't quite—"

"At Traverton House," said Carmichael.

"Cigarette?" Abercrombie flipped up the lid of a silver box and at Carmichael's shake of the head lit one at his leisure. "I could have saved you your journey, then, and myself some sleep, because I haven't received any such communication. It's hardly likely in any case. If that's all—"

"Well, not quite," said Carmichael, dismissing the dismissal. He leaned back in the leather chair and watched Abercrombie's gaze turn a little hard. "The thing is that the nurse's disappearance ties up with a feature my paper is doing on Traverton House. Any information I can get about the nurse would give it that much more news value."

The rosy white-haired man behind the desk made none of the noises appropriate for a

**ALL** characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

bussy doctor woken in the middle of the night to listen to such palpable nonsense. He cocked his head back, frowning tuftly again, and said: "Feature—on Traverton House?" He seemed politely amazed.

"Not much of a subject, I'm afraid," he went on, after a moment. "It's been closed three years, you know, and although I like to think that we did good work there, it was one of many such private places, after all. It's flattering, but I must confess that it seems to me unwarranted."

In spite of the logic that had led him here, Carmichael was shaken for an instant. Was he wrong all the way, then—probing for something that wasn't there? There was only one way to find out.

"Oh, come, doctor, Traverton House was hardly run of the mill," he said. "Miss White, the nurse I mentioned, was able to give me some very interesting background."

He could almost count the silence in the pulsating smoke that rose from Abercrombie's cigarette; the scrubbed, well-groomed hand that rested so casually on the desk blotter was trembling slightly. Wondering whether to believe me, thought Carmichael; not sure how much she had said.

"I don't understand all this," said Abercrombie, gazing steadily at Carmichael, "and at this hour of the night you'll have to pardon me . . ." He stood up.

"Understand it? You ran it. I'm not a bill-paying relative, doctor. I know what I'm talking about, which makes us even."

He had shot his bolt—and now he knew what it was that he distrusted about this firm little man. It was the eyes, cynical, knowing, ready to bargain, in the rosy, rugged face. You somehow expected chic-anery to be clothed in smoothness and glib terms and faultless suiting. It was doubly unpleasant wearing shabby old tweeds.

"There was nothing illegal about it," said Abercrombie finally, looking away. He had sat down again. "Nothing at

all, so if that's what you're thinking—"

"You're sure of that?" asked Carmichael. He wished furiously that he knew what they were talking about.

"There are homes in every city," Abercrombie said, and all at once he was shockingly nonchalant and even a trifle sly, "for girls in—let us say—predicaments. If we provided absolute privacy in an isolated wing, and other patients for security purposes and the maximum of comfort in the circumstances . . ."

"And no names, of course," murmured Carmichael after a moment, as he caught on.

"Naturally no names . . ." Abercrombie stared suddenly, as though in a glimmer of an instant he knew he had betrayed himself for nothing. "But I'd advise you to keep your hands off, Mr. Carmichael. There are a number of people interested in seeing that the subject of Traverton House stays dropped, people who could swallow you and your newspaper by pushing a button. You'd be surprised at the identities of some of our—former patients."

And who, thought Carmichael grimly, bought you this big mellowed-brick house, doctor? He said, by-passing the threat: "You certainly succeeded with your privacy. How did these social lights just drop out of circulation for a while?"

Abercrombie waved a hand; his brief offensive seemed to have restored his confidence.

"Miss Smith's parents decide to give her, let's say, six months on the Continent. There are going-away parties, Miss Smith's friends see her off on the plane for Paris, and Miss Smith herself returns quietly to Traverton House, where her luggage has already been sent."

Miss Mary Coates, who has just returned from a six months' stay in Italy—Miss Mary Coates, who had become Mrs. James Trent and had shot herself, first sending away her husband and their daughter, aged three.

Carmichael said: "What happened to the babies?"

He watched the short, capable hand extinguishing the cigarette in an ashtray on the desk, making meaningless circles long after the end was deadened.

"Put out for adoption in the usual way," answered Abercrombie controlledly.

No, thought Carmichael; no, almost certainly. Illegal operations? Or a black market in infants? There were always people wanting to adopt babies who hated the delays of red tape and legal formalities.

Abercrombie denied any connection with Mary Trent, but the wariness was back in him instantly at the mention of her name. And there was the link, Carmichael thought. Somehow Laura White, whose very vocation stood for solace and safety, had touched off the short, ugly face of knowledge, and Mary Trent had killed herself rather than have that knowledge explode her life more slowly.

How had the nurse guessed at the identity of some of her patients?

Carmichael got himself bleakly out of the house on Chartwell Road, speculating about that. Traverton House had for three years accomplished the next-to-impossible concealed illegitimate births in a private wing of a quiet old country house. That meant an efficiency almost incredible at

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Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 59. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 444 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

keeping secrets. But in spite of it . . .

"You and your newspaper." Abercrombie's foolishly threatening phrase re-echoed out of nowhere, and Carmichael, driving back through the dog-and-chicken area, wondered if it might not be just as simple as that.

Somebody obviously read the gossip column of the newspapers and the shiny society magazines. Mightn't a woman who changed out of her uniform into a frilly shell-pink negligee at night curl up with just such reading matter, and wistfully live another life while she read about the parties and dances and holidays in Capri? Mightn't she sooner or later see looking up at her from a nursing-home pillow a face that was supposed to be abroad—and be on the alert thereafter?

Carmichael's mind, which had a tendency to embroider, irrelevantly saw her eating chocolates as she read. She would be bursting with her discovery—and yet Traverton House, when it closed, had closed quietly and without a breath of scandal even in that small community. And Laura White had moved to Hilton and five years had gone by before anything came up to threaten Mary Trent. Somewhere there had been a safety valve . . .

A woman seething with secrets she couldn't tell might write them down, as a fascinating chapter in an otherwise routine life.

What would you keep in a bookcase besides books? His own question, which had been in the back of his brain ever since Alec Littler's second telephone call, came to the fore. But he had puzzled over it in terms of letters, or photographs or cancelled cheques; he hadn't thought about the answer being very simply a book. A diary, brimming with the exciting nuggets that Laura White as a nurse had had to keep to herself?

Certainly her room had been broken into with a definite object in view; certainly her trip to Wicklow had been spur-of-the-moment. As though, read-

## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

[from page 53]

ing the newspaper account of Mrs. Trent's suicide, she had looked instinctively about for the diary that contained the girl's secret—and found it gone. And, appalled at the damage she had caused unwittingly, set out at once to retrieve it.

Instead of which, she had had her head battered in. Why—fear of exposure in a blackmail charge? Or a mushrooming greed which would not relinquish the gold-mine potential of the diary?

CARMICHAEL had to remind himself that he had built a solid object out of nothing and was pursuing it from there, that Laura White might have been a very different kind of woman than the random details suggested and there might never have been a diary at all.

The private wing of Traverton House, the cutting in the pocket of the pink negligee and the searching of Laura White's room when she was assumed to be safely dying could be unrelated coincidences, forced into a pattern when they belonged apart.

On the other hand, Laura White herself had emerged, flesh and blood and undeniable, from as equivocal a thing as one black shoe.

Carmichael, balancing logic against instinct, thought suddenly of another set of coincidences that turned him cold. He was back in Wicklow now; he sent the car around a corner that would take him to the police station with an echo of tyres that sounded loud and urgent in the last of the pre-dawn dark.

The door of the bedroom swung in without sound, so that it could not, Caroline Emmett thought flashingly, be the one that had come creaking open when she had stood in the sitting-room an immeasurable time ago, stepping into her shoes, bent blindly on flight. Or was it being handled with care for that very reason? She

could feel the slow, heavy pounding of her heart; she could even, very faintly, hear it. "Caroline?" said Mrs. Oliver softly and inquiringly, and advanced, tiptoeing, into the room. "I came to see if you were comfortable, or if there was anything you wanted."

She stood at the foot of the bed, leaning forward a little; the lamp on the dressing-table behind her sent her shadow rippling up the bedspread, huge, formless, terrifyingly unrelated to the body that cast it.

Caroline, who had relaxed instinctively at the sight of the earnest, owl-eyed face, felt the flickering return of fear. She looked at Mrs. Oliver's hands instead, gripping the bedstead—tightening?—and said steadily, "Nothing, thanks. As a matter of fact I'm getting awfully sleepy."

"Sleepy?" said Mrs. Oliver pleasantly, and her shadow made a sudden black movement. "Would you like the light out, then?"

"No!" It was too quick and much too panicky, but to lie here in darkness even for a moment . . . Caroline said apologetically: "I like it on, if you don't mind—it makes me drowsy."

"Oh, of course. Whatever you want," said Mrs. Oliver, very faintly severe. "It's just that—you must promise me, Caroline, that you won't try to get up, or move about. I gave the doctor my word, you know, and I'd never forgive myself if you tried to do something foolish and—it could happen so easily—fell again. So," she was at the door now, gazing anxiously back over her shoulder, "you will be careful, won't you, Caroline?"

Put away the quiet chill of that, and think. As someone else in this house was thinking, planning, watching the night thin, calculating the safety margin . . . Head pounding at the sudden motion, Caroline

pushed herself upright and began to examine the dim, drowsy room that could turn into a death cell.

She had to control her muscles rigidly, because instinct didn't want to linger here a moment longer, wanted her to plummet out of bed, snatch any doorknob, run blindly anywhere out of this terrifying immobility, and trust panic to make up the missing physical strength.

But she had run before without plan or direction, and the same instinct warned her that this was her final chance and not to be thrown away in panic.

Slowly then. Three doors the one Mrs. Oliver had just closed behind her, two others flanking the headboard of the bed. One of them must be a cupboard, probably the inner one. And the other?

She wasted a moment on the windows, but they were curtained, and the curtains hung on big, old-fashioned brass rings. There was almost a chance of drawing them aside and opening a window without being heard. It would have to be the other door then—if only she could know in advance where it led, so that she would not walk into a waiting trap. If only there was someone in the house whom she could trust—

But there was. There was Lydia. It was like being at the point of smothering, and having a great cool draught of air burst suddenly into her lungs. It was not enough to wipe out caution. At the sound of voices in the living-room Caroline lay flat and motionless in the bed, her lashes sleepily down, nothing to show the sudden desperate focus of her brain. If this would only be Lydia . . .

But it was not. "Asleep?" inquired Miss Mayberry. "No? Just as well. I've got something for you, doctor's orders."

I won't, thought Caroline

To page 56

## Is your hair falling OUT?



NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT! It's an unpleasant shock—the sudden discovery that your hair is falling out. It's also a timely warning that you dare not ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Act now before the condition becomes more serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are starved of their vital food. That is why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently, for it contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances, known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy vigorous hair. Are you suffering with loss of hair? Then start using Pure Silvikrin today—there is no more positive step towards lasting hair health.

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**PURE SILVIKRIN.** For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food.

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# Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 22, 1954



# What makes **OVALTINE** the world's best tonic food drink?



**1** It gives you the **EXTRA GOODNESS** of malt, milk AND EGGS!

Malt, milk AND EGGS! This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster. The 'extra goodness' of eggs is the reason.

**2** It's **FORTIFIED** with **EXTRA VITAMINS** A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and Niacin!

Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, D & Niacin, these are vim and vigour vitamins that give you the power to get more out of life... that give you and your family more energy for work and play. Prove this to yourself by giving them Ovaltine every day.



**3** You can choose **TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS**! Malt and Chocolate!

Smooth wonderful CHOCOLATE and rich satisfying MALT flavours. Serve them hot or cold. M-m-m-m! They're delicious.



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FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

careful not to move or to lift her lowered eyelids; I won't take anything in this house. She can't really make me, after all—can she? But nurses had tricks, ways of dealing with hysterical or comatose patients. A sudden terror of the long deft fingers made Caroline open her eyes to watch Miss Mayberry rounding the end of the bed, coming up to the head, one hand concealed at her side.

"Ice," said Miss Mayberry dryly, producing a bag; she looked as though she sensed and was sourly amused by Caroline's fear. She placed the icebag with accuracy, lifting Caroline's unresisting hand to hold it there. "You've got quite a lump, in case you didn't know it. This'll help get it down."

Lydia . . . if only she could think of an excuse for asking to see Lydia. Caroline closed her eyes again; Miss Mayberry's downward stare was bright and shrewd—and cold. The icebag was numbingly cold, too, but pleasant after the first glassy shock.

Penetratingly aware of the nurse's presence, willing her to go, Caroline lay still, breathing lightly and evenly. The lamplight seeped warmly through her closed eyelids; the warmth of the bed and the deepening cold of the icebag seemed to neutralise, suspending her mind in a blur. Insensibly her breathing began to change from conscious effort to calm.

"If you're sure you're all right now," Miss Mayberry was saying above her.

"If I'm—oh, yes," said Caroline, and was distantly pleased with the drowsy sound of her own voice; it seemed, even inside herself, to come from quite far away.

The door between the head of the bed and the window clicked open, clicked gently

## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

from page 54

shut, and Miss Mayberry was gone. There was a small further rattling sound; a bolt, Caroline realised at last, sealing off the stairs to the flat above, barring the way to the other front door.

Well, that was that. She would have to ask boldly and without explanation for Lydia. Lydia would help her find her clothes in a hurry, and then decoy the others into the kitchen so that she could escape. Lydia would . . .

Without warning, fatigue and shock and the strain of prolonged terror converged all

without surprise, almost without terror, at the face bent with purpose above her own.

"Caroline?" whispered Julie, and then, more urgently, "Caroline?"

But she had straightened sharply upon meeting Caroline's wide, lifted gaze, as though she had expected something else of the motionless figure in the bed, and her face had changed, too, in its slipping from down-bent shadow to upward, peculiarly masking light.



"Martha?"

at once on Caroline; it was like a very fine, grey dust darkening the room, filtering painlessly into her eyes and ears and brain. She was still aware of danger, but it had lost its sharp, immediate point. She thought remotely: Can't go to sleep. Just rest for a minute. And then I'll . . .

But all her senses had fallen one delicate step behind. By the time her ears had identified the soft, careful opening of the door from the hall, by the time her eyes had registered the soft, deliberate dimming of lamplight, she was staring up

Caroline lay dry-mouthed and speechless, caught in a delayed surge of terror that was like a physical pain.

"You're all right, aren't you?"

Caroline managed a nod. Julie glanced fleetingly down at the water glass on the bedside table and said simply, "Then you've got to get out of this house at once. You aren't safe here, because—"

She stopped, her face turned and listening.

I didn't hear anything, thought Caroline, and watched with a detached fascination

the small white hand that hung so close to her own shoulder. Still, clenched, the thumb tucked in like a child's. While she watched, the fingers uncurled. Julie turned her head back and said as though she hadn't paused, "Because, of course, you didn't go out just to get some fresh air."

Again Caroline could not answer. She felt her shoulders bracing stonily, in preparation for some swooping and dreadful movement from above; she moved her legs carefully and glanced up at Julie and knew that she must be wrong. Because the other woman's face looked as frightened as her own felt as she whispered, "You saw something in the house, didn't you, Caroline?"

"Yes." It wasn't dragged from her; it was drawn, gently and painlessly.

"A—coat?"

"Yes."

"And you identified it—positively?"

"Yes. There's a crooked tear in the lining, like an L upside down, that looked like a shadow . . . before."

"So there is," said Julie, almost dreamily. "You know, I'd forgotten about that." She wasn't looking at Caroline; she was gazing down at her own white hands, locked caustically before her. "Well, you've got to get away—at once, before anybody finds out. I'll get your clothes. Henry has got the car going, and I can back it down the drive without starting the engine. There's a transport cafe on the other side of the town that opens at about six, and I can leave you there—you won't have very long to wait. In the meantime," said Julie, her glance

To page 58



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# GERANIUMS RETURN TO FASHION

● The return to popularity of the old-fashioned geranium is hardly surprising. This enormous plant family contains variety so unusual in leaf, flower, and habit of growth that it is a collector's dream.

**T**HOUSANDS of Australians are growing this colorful flower, and most horticultural societies have established geranium clubs or sections.

Many growers also have joined the International Geranium Society (headquarters in California), and import seeds and plants from all parts of the world.

Mr. John Blakeman, of Tallyho, Victoria, is regional director of the society for Australia.

Mr. Blakeman, who has been breeding geraniums for 20 years, said recently that until 1950 Australians had shown little interest in them.

But since then Australian gardeners had found geraniums and their close relatives, pelargoniums, so interesting and easy to grow that they were exchanging seeds of their own breeding with growers overseas.

Mr. Blakeman has more than 300 varieties of geranium in his garden. This, however, does not represent all the varieties known to horticulture. Less than 50 years ago an English specialist catalogued more than 700.

It is doubtful whether any nurseryman today could muster such a formidable variety.

The popularity and attractiveness of the geranium is shared with the more regal pelargonium, which has bigger flowers, showing "pansy" faces and beautiful foliage.

Generations of cross-breeding, in which horticulturists have used the rose, nutmeg, and ivyleaved geraniums, and others with deeply cut, often fragrant foliage, have led to the production of many varieties.

As a result of this selective propagation, there are now geraniums for mass displays in rockeries, shrubby and climbing types, scores that are easy to grow, and others difficult to

obtain that require special care and attention.

Many of the sub-tropical pelargoniums have tender, fragrant, colored or pigmented foliage, and fine flowers. These are usually suitable only for glasshouses in cooler parts of Australia.

They need overhead protection as well as diffused sunlight, because they scorch easily and are subject to damping-off during hot, moist, or humid conditions.

To people who have grown only the common geraniums (generally planted in poor soil to decorate an otherwise neglected corner), the new varieties, some of which have huge leaves shaped like an oak leaf, or deeply lobed, would be a revelation.

In mild climates the best of the geraniums can be grown out of doors the year round.

## GARDENING

But where frosts are severe, they should be potted up, and taken inside during winter.

It is not generally known that long green stems, hung in a warm room for the winter, without any soil or water, will throw out shoots or new growth in early spring.

These can be removed with a heel of old wood, and struck in sandy loam.

While the geranium is hardy, and does reasonably well in almost any sort of soil, it naturally does best in well-drained, highly fertile soil.

If it becomes too tall and "leggy," earlier blooms will be obtained from stronger, shrubbier plants, if pinched back regularly.

This treatment is essential with pelargoniums, which, like geraniums, are inclined to grow too tall, and have rather sparse flowering habits under such conditions.

Two of the choicest pelargoniums available in Australia are Prelude (striking lilac-pink, crimson markings) and Oak Leaf (tiny pale lilac with deep purple stamens, leaves oak shaped).

Of the new geraniums worth obtaining, Forest Sally (scarlet and white single—a Blake-man production), Paul Crampel (English variety, deep pink), and Luxury (double, palest lilac-shell pink), are outstanding.

In addition to being hardy they have few enemies. The chief are bacterial leaf spot, botrytis blight or grey mould, which under humid conditions attacks both flowers and foliage, cercospora leaf spot (a form of rust), which necessitates removal of all leaves showing the brown spotting, and spraying with lime sulphur, and leaf crinkle, a virus disease usually associated with glasshouse culture.

This last is rare in Australia, and incurable.

Beginners are often puzzled by the blackening and rotting of stems in geranium and pelargonium cuttings. This is invariably due to failure to let the cuttings dry at the severed end for an hour or two before setting out in sterilised sand in pots or beds.

Cuttings of green wood about six or seven inches long, with only one or two small leaves at the top, are best for propagation.

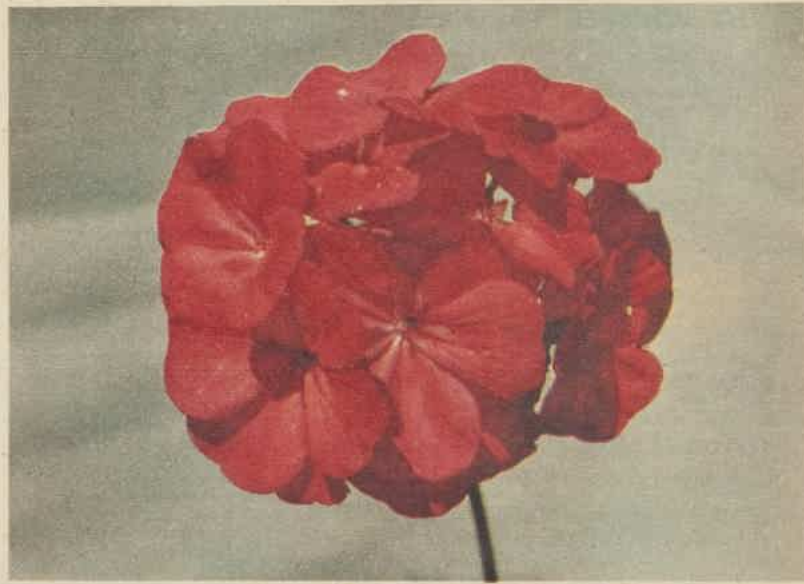
Place the cuttings, when the stem-ends have dried well, against the side of the pot, where they will receive ample moisture, and any air that penetrates the terra cotta.

Equal parts of sand and vermiculite, or vermiculite alone, can be used in the pots. This micaceous material is slightly alkaline, and needs to be fed slightly with weak sulphate of ammonia.

If aphids or thrips appear on flowers or foliage, spray with DDT or nicotine sulphate.



**FOREST SALLY**, one of the more colorful geraniums grown by Mr. John Blakeman, of Tallyho, Victoria, who has more than 300 varieties. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Gary Linney in Mr. Blakeman's nursery at Tallyho.



**THE WILLIAM DRUMMOND**, an English variety, is an improved Paul Crampel with slightly larger individual blooms. It sold well in England when geraniums were fashionable there a generation ago.



**PRELUDE**, a striking lilac-pink American pelargonium with crimson markings, was grown from seed received by Mr. Blakeman from the International Geranium Society.



**OAK-LEAF** pelargonium from South Africa has tiny, perfectly shaped flowers in pale lilac with deep purple stamens and petal markings, and leaves shaped like those of an oak tree.



**LUXURY GERANIUM** is the E. Herbert, an English glasshouse variety. It is a double bloom and is delicately shaded from the palest lilac to shell-pink.



## AUSTRALIAN WOMEN

### PREFER



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### KNITTERS!

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents, contains instructions for 43 designs in men's, women's and children's knitwear. It's a bargain at 2/-.

Page 58

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swinging up brilliantly to Caroline's, "we don't want anyone in here, do we? So I'll just

She moved away from the bed and towards the dressing-table with a suddenness that startled Caroline, and the room went shockingly black. Flowered walls and windows and white candlewick winked away, and there was only the unbroken dark and Julie's whisper, in answer to Caroline's protest: "Sshh. Your things are in the bathroom—they ought to be dry now—and I'll take them out through my room and in through Miss Mayberry's front door. I have a key. It'll only take a minute." So the sixth door, the one she had tried to find in that mockery of locking-up, led out of Julie's room.

The door into the hall opened, was blocked briefly by Julie's figure, and closed again, softly and firmly. Caroline, braced on her elbows, sat up and threw the bedclothes back in preparation; at an instant upsurge of pain in her head she lowered herself to a leaning position against the bedstead.

Her suit, her shoes. Once those were on she would feel capable of fighting again; it was odd—and ridiculous when her life stood in the balance—how helpless she felt barefoot, wearing only a petticoat. Dressed, and safely in the car

Safely in the car. Or was it a trap, the simplest and most beguiling trap of all? Suddenly the darkness seemed to contain remembered voices—"If you fell again, and it could happen so easily..." Mrs. Oliver, with her solicitous backward glance.

"If you're sure you're all right—" Miss Mayberry, and an accent of mockery there? "You aren't safe here," Julie, with her down-sliding glance at the water glass. And "Henry has got the car going."

But he hadn't been able to get it going before. The dark was full of voices, and Caroline was damp with listening. Now was her last chance to sort them out, now, while she was alone.

Or—was she alone? Had Julie ever left the room? Caroline sat stiffly up in the darkness that was not quite as thick as it had been, trembling, telling herself that there was no one in the room with her, knowing with sudden horror that there was. The very air was tenanted; it was as strong a sensation as being stared at from a hidden angle. And wasn't there a very soft sound—fabric brushing against itself, clothing set in motion?

The flicker of appalled realisation lasted too long—and her own rustling movement on the bed and the tight, suspended silence that followed it had been a warning to the other occupant of the dark. Caroline screamed, and the scream went into something soft and heavy that crashed feathery against her face and bore her back and down on the bed.

A pillow. A pillow, to drink up her life without sound.

She choked in panic and managed to wrench her head round, but the pillow met her mouth there and seemed to enter it. She felt her wildly kicking legs tangle in the sheets; she felt the nails of one hand scratch against flesh before iron fingers in the smothering dark pinned her upper arms flat and helpless.

After that she was only aware of the gathering rush of pain, arching like stone in her throat, swelling inside her fiery head, turning her chest heavy and rigid.

A dull and ugly flicker that

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## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

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superstition, the fear of looking back and later saying: "If only," but he had rarely regretted obeying such warnings and he obeyed this one.

Look in at Caroline, and then stay with her—outside her door, if necessary, until they found the body in the quarry and her testimony was a matter for record. But now, this instant, he wanted to see her safe, breathing peacefully and quietly under blankets. He had forgotten for a dangerous moment that in this house, even from Lydia, a word-of-mouth report was not to be trusted.

He got past Lydia into the dining-room; he said with the urgency growing in him: "Where is she?"

"Who? Oh," said Lydia bewilderedly, "in Mother's room. Straight ahead, but I told you, she's—"

Carmichael lost the rest of it. He was into the sitting-room and aware that a door had opened and someone was gaping at him; he didn't turn his head to see who. His torch? It was in his pocket; it came neatly into his hand. He could see her without waking her if he went quietly up to the white door, turned the knob like this, with a careful pressure, aimed the torch in . . .

The raying beam caught the head of the bed, a pillow placed oddly high, a taut sleeve that came jack-knifing up as the

light struck it. The stream of gold jumped up as Carmichael shot forward round the end of the bed, but the pillow and what it had meant had burnt into his brain. His hand found it in the dark and flung it aside, and there was no time for anything but a brief blind prayer inside his head because the wild jolt of light had caught the narrowing crack of the door beside the bed.

He lunged at the door and swung it back, and his hand groped against moving wool, stopped it, found a furious iron-hard wrist that leapt and fought in his fingers. He felt no triumph or even curiosity, only a kind of instinctive savagery.

He let go the torch because he needed his other hand, and he remembered for a long time the tiny brilliant radius of blue-flowered carpet that sprang up, the beginning of a staircase, the murderous breath that chopped itself off and left, in spite of the sounds from the bedroom, an intimate ugly silence of its own.

Caroline had not lost consciousness, but she came dizzily back from the very edge. She felt air touch her face like a cold cloth and then rush, surprisingly painful, into her lungs. The room was still dark and the darkness shook when she coughed, an effort that bit into the centre of her. She got herself up on elbow and stayed

To page 62



## Women aren't just warmer!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 22, 1957



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 22, 1957



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**Children's 6-9**

**Juveniles' 10-1**



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**Youths' 2-4**

**Men's 5-11**



**DUNLOP WELDONS**— available from all leading shoe stores.



# NEW TWO-WAY NECKLINE

This dual-purpose sweater will be a favorite with men, worn with or without the inset polo neck.

Materials: 22 (24-26) balls F. W. Hughes Bulkyknit shade No. 2403 (porcelain), and 1 (1-1) ball shade No. 1016 (black); 1 pr. needles No. 6 and 1 set of 4 No. 10 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder: 24 (24-24½) in.; chest: 38 (40-42) in.; length of sleeve seam: 20 (20-21) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. to lin.; 6 rows to lin.

## BACK

Using 2 No. 10 needles and P. wool, cast on 92 (96-100) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 15 (15-15) in. shape armholes by casting off 4 (5-6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 5 (5-6) rows. When armholes measure 8½ (9-9½) in. shape shoulders by casting

off 6 (6-5) sts. at beg. of next 8 (8-10) rows. Cast off rem. sts. loosely.

## FRONT

Work same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 4 (5-6) sts., k 42 (43-44) sts., leave rem. 46 (48-50) sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on last 42 (43-44) sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 4th row, at the same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 (5-6) rows. Cont. to dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row until dec. to 24 (24-25) sts. When armhole measures 8½ (9-9½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (6-5) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 (4-5) times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and P. wool, cast on 48 (52-56)

sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 80 (84-88) sts. When sleeve seam measures 20 (20-21) in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 68 (68-68) sts., then every row until dec. to 20 (20-20) sts. Cast off.

## NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 10 needles and P. wool, pick up and k about 150 (154-160) sts. around neck. Change to B. wool, k 1 round, then work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in., dec. 1 st. each side of "V" every round. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

## POLO NECK

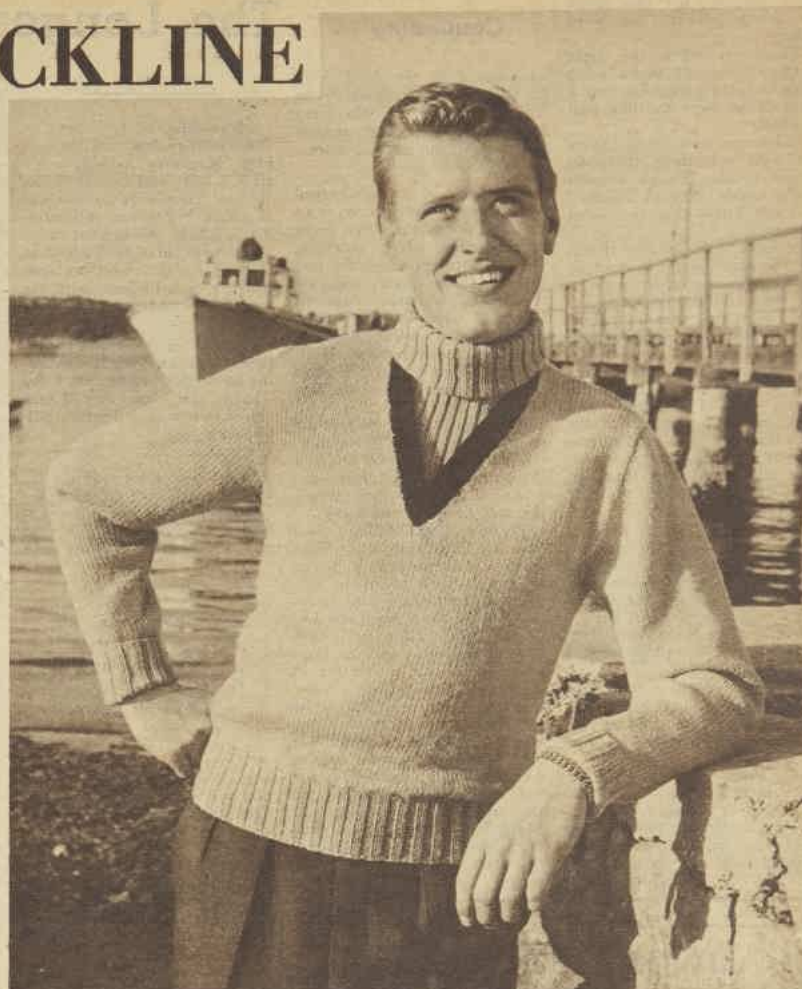
Work neckband as above, then work as follows: Using No. 10 needles and P. wool cast on 4 sts.

1st Row: P 1, k 2, p 1.

Keep in rib of k 2, p 2, and inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until inc. to 78 (80-82) sts. Cast on loosely 13 (14-15) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 104 (108-112) sts. Divide sts. on to 3 needles and work in rounds in rib of k 2, p 2 for 5 in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch polo neck under neckband.



WITH THE RIBBED INSET polo neck in place, this sweater becomes a warm garment for casual sports wear. This inset can be tucked in loosely so that it can be slipped out easily to make the neckline shown at left. Full instructions for making are in three sizes.



ABOVE is the same pullover without the inset polo neck.

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there, gasping, her face tilted up as though the air were water.

That was when the light went on blindingly, and a man's voice shouted something and a large shape went hurtling past the bed.

She heard Carmichael's voice say, with something that was almost a sob: "Thank heavens you've come. Where's Taines?" and she knew that the worst was over.

Silence. For Caroline it was only brushed on the surface by voices from the other doorway, the one leading into the sitting-room; an anxious babble that stopped when someone said tautly: "Wait."

Wait, and then, at the stir behind her, turn the painful upper half of her body and look up, still gasping, at the face that had been hidden from her by darkness and a strangling pillow, the face that had bent over Laura White at the quarry's edge.

She stared, and in spite of Carmichael and the detective she felt wave after wave of fear, as though this viciousness, this steady bright stare-in-return, could strike at her in front of them all. Carmichael noticed and moved forward a little, shieldingly.

Caroline said slowly the thing that was to her, at this illogical moment, the most incredible of all: "You—killed your own dog."

Blood came up into the long, ashy face; the eyes blazed for a second at Caroline.

"You made me. When I went back—there was a pause, containing rain and darkness and a small tan-and-white hound

who bayed at the dead thing his mistress was dragging. "—he barked," said Ada Mayberry briefly, and after that, regaining control, she said no more.

The body of a middle-aged woman with grey curls was found at ten minutes past seven on that damp silvery morning, wedged between a boulder and the side of the quarry and covered with a weather-stained length of tarpaulin that would, except for Caroline Emmett, have kept its secret for an almost indefinite time. The skull had been fractured and the face battered.

Although one of the dead woman's feet wore a black shoe, the other was scraped under a shredded stocking, clear evidence of the dragging which the rain had sponged away.

Positive identification was still pending, and Ada Mayberry was arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill. But, as Carmichael told Caroline and the much-shocked Oliver, the police held both ends of the chain and the links would be found: a resident or employee at the boarding-house in Hilton where Laura White had lived, perhaps, or the diary which had killed its writer and driven another woman to suicide, or traces, in the upstairs flat at the Oliver's house, of the sandy deposit which Ada Mayberry must have carried away in whatever minute quantity from her sojourn in the quarry.

## Continuing . . . The Longest Night

from page 58

Meanwhile, he had spent an extraordinary few minutes with Miss Mayberry herself, who after a brief and formal denial of any knowledge whatsoever of Laura White was still refusing to speak. All her determination went into the schooling of her face; she could not control her eyes, brilliant with the fear she would not give voice to.

Carmichael said: "Twenty-three Crescent Place is a boarding-house for nurses, isn't it? That's how you met Laura White, when you went to Hilton on a case."

Silence. "And you spent quite a lot of time with her, off-duty, because people in the same profession always have things to talk about, and she must have

line Emmett had to blunder along, wasn't it?"

There was still no sound at all from Ada Mayberry, but the steady stare she gave him put an edge on Carmichael's voice.

"You were perfectly safe, you know. If you hadn't tried to kill the girl you could have been miles away by now. She could never have given evidence against you, because you can't remember what you never saw in the first place."

The grey stare swelled; it was like a shriek tearing out of the stony face. Carmichael remembered Laura White's smashed features and the pillow this woman had held so intently over Caroline Emmett's nose and mouth, waiting patiently for her to die.

He said, standing up wearily: "She saw the raincoat—Henry's, wasn't it?—that you put back before you went round the house and up to your apartment to get your own so that you could go out and call the dog, as you always did. But she had no more idea of who was wearing it than the man in the moon."

"And I didn't," said Caroline bewilderedly, later. She sat in Carmichael's car. She had said goodbye to the Oliver in a dream, promising to keep in touch with them, and the rooms she had lived in so intimately for twelve hours, the appurtenances of a night of terror, had seemed as distant and strange as furniture left on a stage long after the theatre has been emptied.

She said: "It never occurred to me, I suppose because of the dog. She must really have loved him or she couldn't have cried like that, or been so—"

She stopped, realising that the dark flushed anger had been directed at her all the time. "Loved him?" said Carmichael, not smiling. "Then I wouldn't care to be an object of Miss Mayberry's devotion."

"Hardly," said Caroline. She felt alert and talkative; was that reaction or because she was alone with this man who, because of what he had done tonight, seemed bound to her more closely than anyone else in the world?

She thought about her mother, who would talk animatedly about this for years; she thought about Richard Illing, a tiny and harmless paper cut-out viewed from this new disturbing distance, but she kept seeing out of the corner of her eye the edge of Carmichael's sleeve, his idly strong hand on the steering-wheel. She said: "Did Julie—?"

"Julie suspected her," said Carmichael. "She did her best to force you out of the house from the moment you came in,

but she couldn't speak openly because she was afraid of Miss Mayberry herself. What she might do, with those injections of hers, and what she might say."

Caroline looked at him and looked away. She had heard the story of Traverton House, but she didn't know that she wanted to hear this. Carmichael was circumspect.

"Julie and her husband had been on the brink of divorce for some time," he said. "In fact, they hadn't even been living together. When she heard the news about his flying home, all prepared for a reconciliation, it sent her into the hospital a couple of months early. As a nurse there, Laura White found out about it, and—the Oliver's used to be quite wealthy—was interested enough to confide it to her diary. By the way, Julie probably saved your life."

They had stopped for a light. He opened his hand and Caroline looked at a small white tablet in his palm.

"This hasn't been tested yet, but Julie, suspecting what she did, didn't like the look of it. If she hadn't removed it I suspect you'd have been very groggy when Miss Mayberry used the pillow on you. It would have worked out nicely for her—the bedclothes disarranged, pillow back in place, and your previous concussion to account for your knocking your head against the bedside table, perhaps, and blacking out and smothering in the bedclothes."

"I almost," said Caroline, staring wide-eyed at the recol-

lection, "went with her in her car. I wonder—"

"There's a jack," said Carmichael matter-of-factly, "or a spanner in almost every car, and she was handy with cars; look what she managed to do with the Oliver's while she was out calling the dog. And she very nearly carried off the impression of a maniac at large—every single threatening thing came from the outside."

"She must have been furious when you stopped us from going."

"She turned grey," Carmichael said thoughtfully. "I think she thought that I suspected, but I was still busy chasing an imaginary man. It was only when I began to think how invisible a nurse would be visiting another nurse's room in a boarding-house full of nurses, and how close the Oliver's house is to the quarry, that I began to worry about what might be shut in with you behind all those locks and bolts."

"So I really owe you—" began Caroline.

Carmichael looked sideways at her. He said non-committally: "The moral is never to go walking alone, towards dark." He stopped his car once again outside the police station, looked at the tablet still in his hand, said: "They might like to have this concoction, whatever it is, and get out of the car. He reached the kerb and came back to look in at Caroline and say gravely: "Don't go anywhere, will you?"

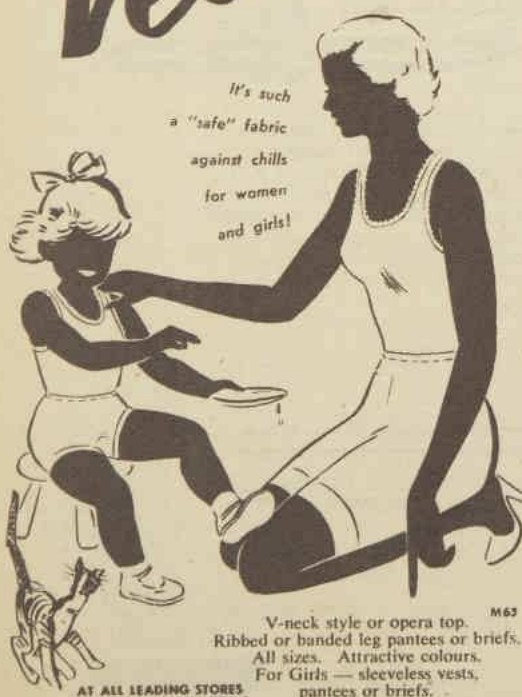
"I won't," said Caroline.

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plays on the violin is  
a bore to the man with  
the flute.  
—Walter Learned.

been lonely, living as she did. She took it for granted that you had ethics, too, and eventually she told you about a private nursing home where she'd once worked, and hinted at the things that went on there, and the influential names involved. She said she couldn't tell a soul, of course, but it was all down in her diary."

Silence again, and a flicker of contempt.

"Then," said Carmichael, watching her eyes, "she was as good as killed by a bus, and a gold mine like that diary she kept mentioning shouldn't go to waste, should it? So you broke in and took it and it worked, it worked like a charm. Mary Trent killed herself rather than have her husband find out that she had borne an illegitimate child. But there were several other names in the diary, with money behind them, so you could just go on from there. Why work any longer when a number of people could be owing you a living?"

Silence, and a glance like wet stone.

"But Laura White was a nuisance and she didn't die after all. She had a funny kind of conscience for all her foolishness, and when she read about the Trent woman's suicide and found her diary gone she came here to get it back. She rang you up when she got here, and you were ready for her. It was too bad that Caro-

### Gay lighthearted romantic serial by Elizabeth Cadell

A LOST suitcase containing a bridal gown of filmy white tulle is the link which brings together the characters in our delightful serial "BRIDAL ARRAY," by Elizabeth Cadell, which begins next week.

Readers who enjoyed Miss Cadell's "Journey's Eve" and "The Lark Shall Sing," which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, will find equal enjoyment in this novel in the carefree tradition.

The action of "Bridal Array" takes place in France, where the characters get their lives mixed up as a result of a railway strike. Jessica de Vrais, who has eloped from her ancestral home in the Jersey Isles, finds herself staying with a French family in a small village, while two young Englishmen, Sebastian Page and Joss Armstrong, who had planned a motor tour through Europe, also find themselves in the same village staying with an eccentric old Comtesse in her eighteenth-century chateau.

With Miss Cadell's customary charm and skill the complications are smoothed out and the ending is as happy as anyone could wish it to be. Don't miss the first long instalment next week of this charming serial.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 22, 1957





DIANA DORS, photographed in America, where she and her now estranged husband, Dennis Hamilton, spent several hectic months fighting and reconciling. With Diana here is George Gobel, her co-star in "I Married a Woman."



WILLIAM HOLDEN was an interested spectator at Rome's International Horse Show. He was on his way to London for the finishing studio touches to "The Bridge Over the River Kwai" after a long location in Ceylon.

## Overseas movie gossip

**T**HIS time the much-publicised break between Diana Dors and manager-husband Dennis Hamilton is no fake. And it looks very much like being for good. Sorting out the Dors finances is going to give some lawyer-accountant a nightmare.

Husband Dennis Hamilton was so much a part of the Dors screen career that he was almost like another limb. Not as shapely, though.

It seems that most of the naughty Brigitte Bardot films are made in France —

for export. Listen to French producer Raoul Levy talking about "And Woman Was Created," the latest saucy Bardot film to be loosed on the Anglo-Saxon world. Says Mr. Levy, "To the French public, sex is part of life. It becomes sensational or contro-

versial only in countries like America, where the public is on the one hand constantly stimulated and teased about sex and on the other hand told firmly that it is evil."

As for La Bardot, herself, she is beginning to take notice of complaining columnists. They have been attacking her as "capricious" and unpunctual for appointments with them — if she does not forget them altogether. Purred Miss Bardot penitently, "I have bought an alarm clock."

**JANE RUSSELL** holds no grudge against Jayne Mansfield as the new queen of Hollywood sex. "I'm glad somebody's come along to take off the curse," she said. Jane has just returned here from a Japanese entertainment tour.

**TO** show you what a crazy town Hollywood is, take the case of Clark Gable's wardrobe for his latest film, "Teacher's Pet." The star paid a small fortune to his tailor for suits for that role. The first day on the set director George Seaton ordered the wardrobe department to steam and press them, stamp on them, and then crumple them. He said he wanted Gable to look like a real newspaperman!

**ROCK HUDSON**, Kim Novak, and Frank Sinatra have been named by veteran Hollywood studio executive L. K. Sidney as the "stand-out" stars, who "have it without any kind of question. I'd have any one of them for any kind of film," said Sidney, who has seen plenty of stars come and go in his time.

**MANY** years ago Frances Farmer was one of the brightest lights of Hollywood. Today she's a clerk in the Palace Hotel at San Francisco. Another former name star to whom life hasn't been any too kind is Roscoe Ates. He's earning his living as a car salesman.

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

### Talking of Films

★★ Tammy

**I**N Universal's "Tammy," Debbie Reynolds is presented as a sort of modern Mary Pickford.

With her old grandpa (Walter Brennan), Tammy — orphaned and pig-tailed — lives on a houseboat in the desolate bayou regions of the Mississippi, with a goat her only other companion.

When a private plane crashes they row out to collect salvage, but succeed only in salvaging a young man, Peter Brent (Leslie Nielsen), whom they take home and nurse back to health.

This widescreen color film is very pleasant light entertainment of a sweet and sentimental sort, and will delight Debbie's admirers.

In Sydney—State.

★★★ Ten Thousand Bedrooms

**DEAN MARTIN** is lucky in his first film made without the support, or otherwise, of his old partner Jerry Lewis. As light romantic comedy Metro's "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" scores a bull's-eye.

The story concerns a young American millionaire, heir to an international hotel chain, who goes to Rome to take over the chain's latest acquisition. The role is played by Dean as Ray Hunter.

Dean sings a couple of songs and shows himself to be a most acceptable light romantic lead, while Eva Bartok, as Maria Martelli, develops a distinctive charm as the film moves along.

Color and widescreen do justice to elegant set decorations and a romantic Roman background.

In Sydney—St. James.

Instant acting!  
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Fabulously mild!



## MARVELOUS SHAMPOO

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Preserves your permanent—protects your tint! A shampoo so gentle you needn't have the slightest worry about it swelling your hair and making it porous (the reason you lose your wave).

A single rinsing billows up so quickly, rinses out so completely, it releases every springy tendril, leaves your hair naturally soft and shiny and so manageable. Deliciously fragrant with the scent of spring flowers.



Creation of Richard Hudnut

M21 102



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# Solyptol Soap



"If it's Faulding's  
it's pure..."

### "The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

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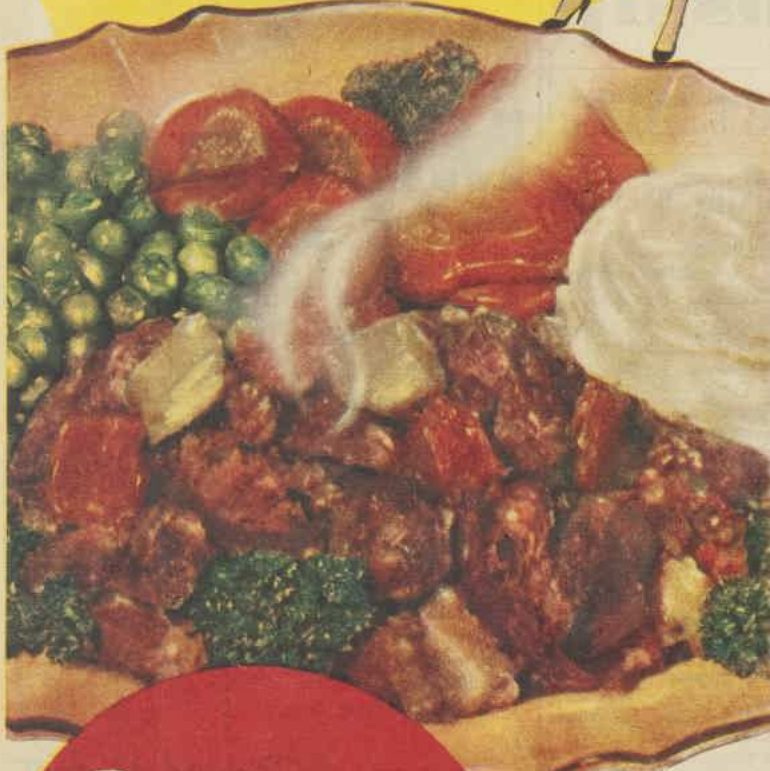
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for less than a penny each  
ADD MILK, ROLL OUT AND BAKE





Debbie Makes

# FISH CAKES

**T**HIS week our teenage chef, Debbie, makes fish cakes. She uses a tin of salmon, but this can be replaced with any type of tinned, smoked, or cooked fish. Use level spoon measurements.

## FISH CAKES

One 16oz. tin cooking salmon, 2 cups cooked mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 onion, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons curry powder, salt, pepper, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Mix together salmon, potatoes, parsley, onion, and egg. Add seasonings and form into small round cakes, using flour on the board and hands. Coat with egg-glazing and toss in the breadcrumbs until well covered. Deep fry in fat or oil until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve with lemon wedges.



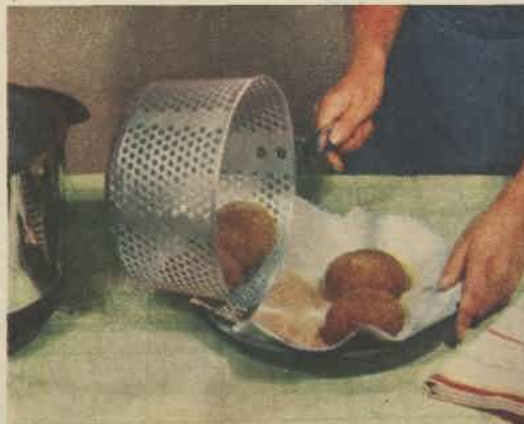
**COMBINE** the drained flaked salmon, from which the bones and skin have been removed, with the mashed potato. Add chopped onion and parsley, then the beaten egg; mix well, season to taste.



**SHAPE** the fish mixture into little round cakes on a floured board. Dust fingers frequently with flour while handling mixture to prevent sticking. Oblong or crescent shapes are attractive, too.



**TOSS** the fish cakes in fine breadcrumbs after they have been glazed with an egg-and-milk mixture. If the cakes are too soft to handle easily, allow them to firm a little in the refrigerator.



**FRY** in a large quantity of oil or fat until evenly browned. Set electric fryers at 375 degrees, but if using saucepan make sure the fat is at fuming point before cooking. Drain well and serve.

Guess which is mummy?



"Look Alikes" by Bond's. SSW to W in Royal Blue with White, Green with White, Shocking Pink with White, 39/11.

"Look Alikes" for daughters. Royal Blue with White, Green with White, Shocking Pink with White, 3 to 7, 25/11. 9 to 13, 29/11.

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**Curlypet**

With winter not far off, now is the time to begin knitting warm woollens. Don't miss the new knitting designs in next week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



# Improved living area

A Victorian reader, Mrs. J. Hawken, of Leitchville, intends to make extensive alterations to her farmhouse so that the living area will be improved, and has asked my advice on this project.

THE present layout of Mrs. Hawken's home (shown in the sketch below) provides a large undivided space occupied by kitchen, dining-room, and living-room.

This has not proved successful, and Mrs. Hawken would prefer the living areas to be

divided by such means as visual breaks and light room-dividers.

My suggestions, shown in the plan at right, include the addition of a new sunroom to the north-west corner of the house. This gives the necessary space for a teenage rumplous-room.

The sunroom could be connected to the living-room by

wide sliding doors and to the new terrace on the north by a new external door.

The present dinette is to be demolished to make place for a sewing-corner with built-in bench and a cupboard with a window-seat for use when hand sewing. This area, as shown in the sketch, is completely enclosed by new internal partitions and doors.

By Sydney architect  
W. J. McMURRAY

The sewing-bench could also be used as a bar in the dining-room area or as a place for quick snacks.

Alterations to the kitchen include a new door opening into the sunroom.

Space has been allowed in the kitchen for twin deep-freeze and refrigerator units which before had to be kept in the laundry.

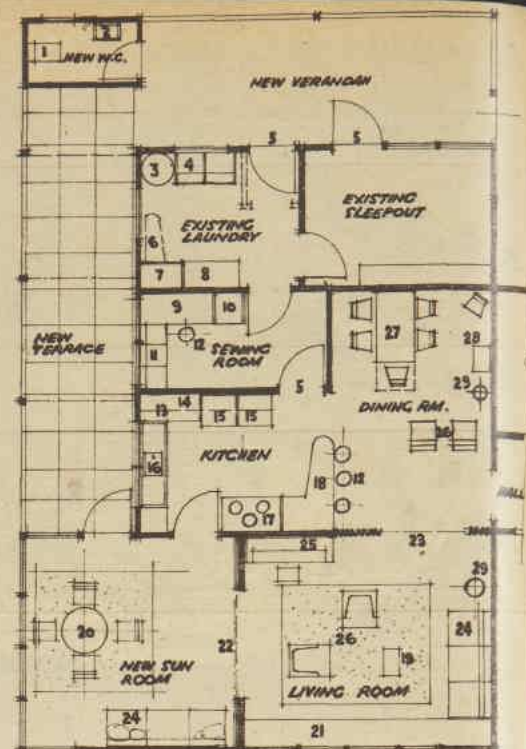
A new toilet and handbasin could be built with an entrance off the new back verandah.

The dining-room could be suitably separated from the main living-room by means of a plastic-covered concertina-folding partition that is being manufactured in Australia and is now available in Melbourne.

With the removal of the refrigerator from the laundry, space would be available for building in a sorting-bench and ironing-cupboard with a flap-down ironing-board.

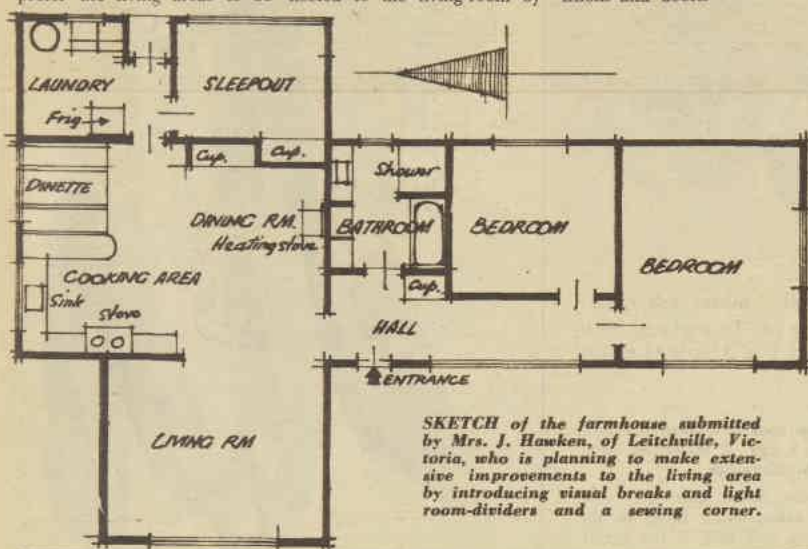
Mrs. Hawken asks advice about a suitable type of septic tank where the ground, being located in an irrigation area with a high watertable, is badly drained.

Requirements for septic tanks vary considerably in different districts, and therefore I recommend that the matter be discussed with the health inspector of the shire council concerned.



## KEY TO PLAN ABOVE

SUGGESTED PLAN for alterations to the living area is shown above: 1, new toilet; 2, basin; 3, existing washing-machine; 4, laundry tubs; 5, new door; 6, ironing board; 7, ironing cupboard; 8, sorting bench; 9, sewing bench; 10, sewing cupboard; 11, window-seat; 12, stool; 13, bench; 14, cupboards above; 15, twin refrigerator and deep freeze; 16, existing sink; 17, stove; 18, serving bench; 19, occasional table; 20, cane table and chairs; 21, radiogram, bookshelves, and cupboards; 22, sliding doors; 23, concertina partition; 24, settees; 25, piano; 26, lounge chairs; 27, dining-table; 28, existing slow-combustion stove; 29, standard lamps.



SKETCH of the farmhouse submitted by Mrs. J. Hawken, of Leitchville, Victoria, who is planning to make extensive improvements to the living area by introducing visual breaks and light room-dividers and a sewing corner.

Enchantingly designed to mark an occasion

## our SILVER ANNIVERSARY!

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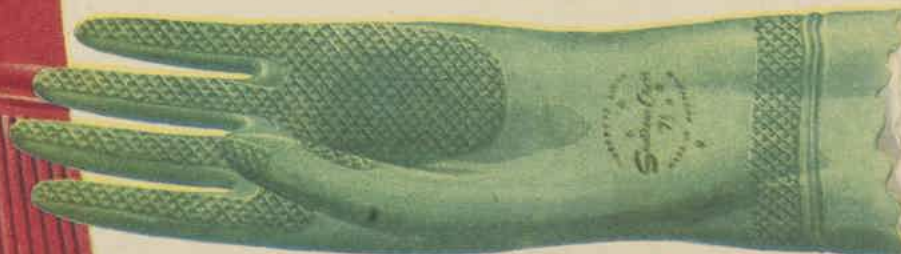
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Southern Cross Gauntlets are in glamorous new Cherry Red. Sizes: Small, Medium and  
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In glamorous Aqua Green, Southern Cross regular length  
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Price is 3/6.

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# Two recipes win prizes

Recipes for wholemeal waffles served with orange butter sauce and crisp, tasty biscuits win cash prizes for our readers.

**T**HE slightly nutty flavor of the wholemeal waffles blends well with the orange butter sauce in the recipe that wins this week's main prize of £5.

All spoon measurements are level.

## BROWN AND GOLD WAFFLES

Two and a half cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 1½ cups milk, 1-3rd cup butter (melted), shortening for greasing.

Mix flour, salt, and sugar in a bowl. Beat the egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored; add milk and melted butter. Stir into the dry ingredients; beat well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place required quantity on to heated, greased waffle-iron. Cook 5 minutes or until golden brown and crisp. Serve immediately with butter and hot orange butter sauce.

**Orange Butter Sauce:** Two egg-yolks, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup water, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup butter, pinch salt.

Beat the egg-yolks slightly in the top of a double sauce-

pan; add sugar, mix well. Add remaining ingredients and stir over boiling water until thick.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Owen, Post Office, Meandarra, Qld.**

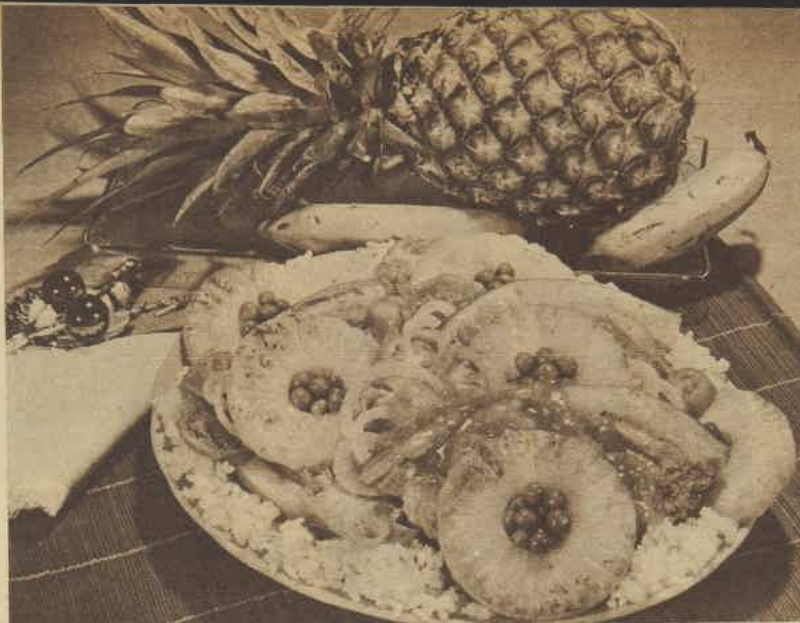
## VENETIAN BISCUITS

(with almond apricot filling)  
One cup butter, 2oz. icing sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1oz. cornflour, pinch of salt, cherries.

**Almond Apricot Filling:**  
One tablespoon chopped walnuts, 3 tablespoons ground sweet almonds, 3 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 dessertspoon strained orange juice.

Cream butter and sugar gradually and add beaten egg, sifted flour, salt, and cornflour. Mix thoroughly, place in a biscuit-press. Force the mixture into shapes on greased trays. Decorate half the biscuits with piece of cherry. Bake in moderate oven until crisp and lightly brown. Leave on trays until cold. Join together in pairs (one biscuit with cherry piece) with the filling made by mixing the jam, strained orange juice, ground almonds, and walnuts together.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. L. Shepherd, Steere St., Donnybrook, W.A.**



**PINEAPPLE PORK CHOP CASSEROLE** requires very little preparation. Lightly brown the chops and arrange in casserole with layers of sliced pineapple, green peas, onion, tomato pieces. Moisten with stock, cook slowly for 30 minutes, serve with rice.

## FAMILY DISH

**U**SE up left-over cold meat to make a meat ring with tasty corn topping. This family dish costs approximately 6/3 and serves five.

### MEAT RING WITH CORN TOPPING

One and a half cups diced cooked cold meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ cup cooked peas, 1 tomato, 2 beaten eggs, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, 1 tin cream-style sweet corn (8 ounce), extra dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1

dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, shortening.

Combine meat, onion, peas, and chopped tomato. Bind with beaten egg and milk; season with salt and pepper. Fill into greased ring-tin. Mix corn with extra onion and parsley. Spread on top of meat, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and top with pieces of shortening. Bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Cut into wedges in tin, remove with a broad knife, and serve with extra vegetables if desired.

## Disease danger

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

**H**EALTH authorities are perturbed because statistics in some suburban areas show there is apparently a great discrepancy between the number of births recorded and the number of babies immunised against diphtheria.

These statistics apply to immunisation by both local council authorities and doctors in private practice.

Diphtheria, a dangerous disease that occurs usually in early childhood, could be stamped out almost completely if all parents would have their babies immunised when aged six to 12 months.

This extremely serious disease is usually spread from one person to another by coughing or sneezing, and is most prevalent in autumn and winter.

The infection can be spread by a child or adult who may be in the early stages of diphtheria or by a "carrier" who does not develop the disease but harbors the active germs.

Most doctors now advise immunisation when the baby is aged six months. Immunisation against whooping cough and tetanus is given usually at the same time.



Their soft, smooth skin can be yours

with *Pears*

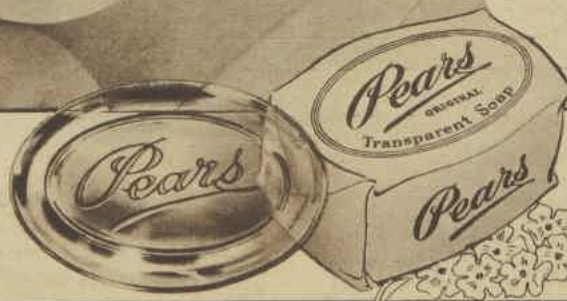


Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness—that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

### Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full 14 weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too!

Pears...  
so pure you can  
see right through it



### Special Offer! THE FAMOUS PEARS CYCLOPAEDIA

The 64th edition of this famous cyclopaedia is **YOURS FOR ONLY 15/-** and 6 Pears Soap Wrappers\*. Send your name and address, enclosing 6 Pears Soap Wrappers, with cheque, postal note, or money order for 15/- to **PEARS OFFER**.

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Victoria: Box 10, P.O., Port Melbourne

\* Wrappers are not required from residents of any states where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the laws of that state.



# Beginners' Pattern

F4533.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make trouser-oversalls. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1yd. 54in. material or 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4175.—Smartly styled sheath-pinafore. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3 7/8yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4032.—Pretty one-piece afternoon dress can be made with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 4½yds. 36in. material; sketch B, 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4534.—One-piece wool dress with a soft new look has contrasting bodice-trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4535.—Design for the larger figure. Tailored winter dressing-gown can be made with long or short sleeves. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 5½yds. 54in. material; sketch B, 7yds. 36in. material, plus 2½yds. pleated edging. Price 5/-.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 475—BLOUSE

American-styled tailored blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in cenzors. The color choice includes lemon, pink, green, grey, and cream. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/3, 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

### No. 476—INFANT'S NIGHTGOWN AND JACKET

Pretty lace-trimmed two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make in British flannel-stie. The color choice includes blue, pink, lemon, and cream. Size, Infant's Nightgown 14/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; Jacket 9/6, postage and registration 1/- extra; complete set 23/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra.

### No. 477—LUNCHEON SET AND HOSTESS APRON

Hostess apron and matching luncheon set and serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a butterfly motif. The material and color choice include British headcloth in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. The lace trim is not supplied. Sizes: Place-mats 11 by 11in., serviettes 11 by 11in., Six place-mats 11/9, 6 serviettes 8/9. Postage and registration 2/- extra. Apron 10/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

### No. 478—MATERNITY SUIT

Two-piece maternity suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy. The color choice includes black, royal-blue, mid-green, American Beauty, sage-blue, and red. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust 77/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



476



477



F4509.—Two-way slender-line front-buttoned coat-dress can be sleeveless or made with wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 3yds. 36in. material; sketch B, 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.



F4175



F4509



F4535



## ROBIN for those flashing petticoats

What is prettier than the swish and swirl of white petticoats and how important to have them starched just right. That, of course, calls for Robin, for even, crisp starching. Robin Starch is so easy to mix, so much easier to iron with. No wonder more and more women now use Robin Starch.



P.S. For "band box" freshness! light starch your tennis frock and shorts.

**ROBIN Starch**

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON



## Your linos are brighter with that FISHER'S SPARKLE



Fisher's Wax cleans as it polishes, gives a bright sparkling transparent finish. So easy and quick to use too!

**LARGE MAGNUM TIN 3 1/2**

(Slightly higher in Country Districts)



For dark woods use FISHER'S WAXTANE



"I want the ones that look like little pillows"



# Arnott's *famous* SPICY FRUIT ROLL Biscuits

The Housewife's quick pudding — A Sweet in a minute! Warm them in the oven and serve with milk, custard or ice cream.



*There is no Substitute for Quality.*



## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, returns to civilisation to find that an international beauty competition has been announced. He and PRINCESS NARDA: Think that the contest, which offers as a first prize anything the winner wants, a lifetime of youth for the second winner, and as much money as can be

spent for life for the third placegetter, should be investigated. Checking with the police, Mandrake gets in touch with the contest promoter, who says he is running the competition for someone else—a mysterious someone who has posted a billion-dollar guarantee. NOW READ ON:



### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





## A FOOD not a medicine solved my problem



"I tried dozens of medicines without relieving my chronic constipation," writes Mr. J. Russell, of Dee Why, Sydney. "When I had almost given up hope I discovered All-Bran. I would never have thought that a food could bring such wonderful relief!"

The most common cause of irregularity is the lack of natural bulk in today's highly refined foods. All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, supplies this bulk in a delicious, natural form. Being a food, All-Bran builds you up instead of leaving you tired, nervy and run-down as harsh laxatives do.

Accept this friendly offer and be regular the way Nature intended — without medicines.

For ten days, enjoy nut-sweet All-Bran with hot or cold milk, or sprinkled over other cereals. Drink plenty of water. If, after ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty carton to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Botany, N.S.W., and get DOUBLE your money back.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. AB54-21

### MARIGNY Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/11 everywhere



### THE BEST COOKS



### FAULding essences

WITERS! The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents, contains instructions for 43 designs in men's, women's, and children's knitwear. It's a bargain at 2/-.

## TEENA



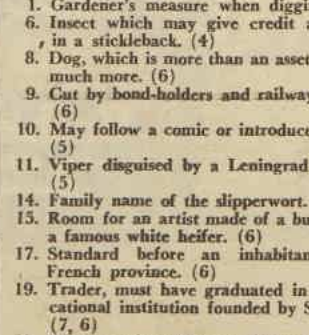
DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE THE RADIO INTO MY ROOM? I CAN'T STUDY WITHOUT MUSIC...



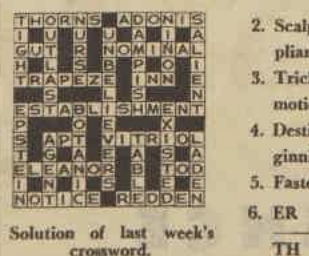
CAN I BORROW THAT CHAIR YOU'RE SITTING ON, DAD? THIS ONE'S TOO UNCOMFORTABLE... I CAN'T GET SETTLED.



I'M LOOKING FOR A CERTAIN PENCIL... IT'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN THINK WITH...



2 1/2 FROM 4 LEAVES 1 1/2 - MUMBLE, MUMBLE.



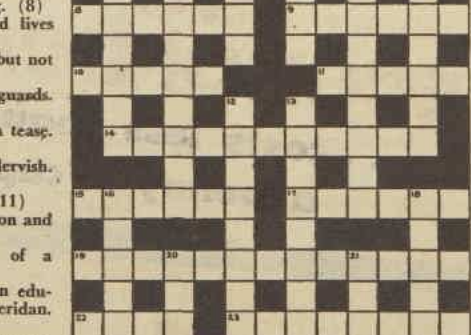
2 1/2 FROM 4 LEAVES 1 1/2 - MUMBLE, MUMBLE.



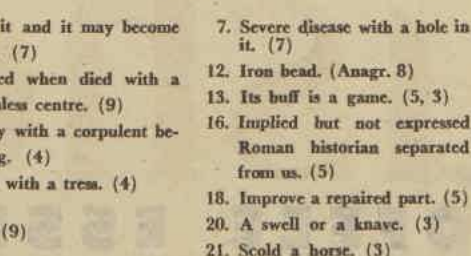
2 1/2 FROM 4 LEAVES 1 1/2 - MUMBLE, MUMBLE.



2 1/2 FROM 4 LEAVES 1 1/2 - MUMBLE, MUMBLE.



2 1/2 FROM 4 LEAVES 1 1/2 - MUMBLE, MUMBLE.



## Pains go . . quickly and safely\* with DISPRIN



### DISPRIN GETS TO WORK FASTER

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. That is why it acts so fast.



### DISPRIN IS EASIER TO TAKE

Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

### \* DISPRIN IS SAFER

Disprin—being soluble and far less acid than aspirin—is the safe, modern pain-reliever. Medical tests have shown that Disprin is far less likely than ordinary aspirin and A.P.C. to cause gastric irritation. That's why Disprin is nowadays widely recommended, particularly to patients prone to heartburn, dyspepsia or other forms of stomach upset.

**Period Pains.** Disprin at such a time is a real blessing. Pain is relieved and nerves are quickly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your chemist for Disprin



## DISPRIN

dissolves pain  
quickly and safely



## Men go for Mustard!

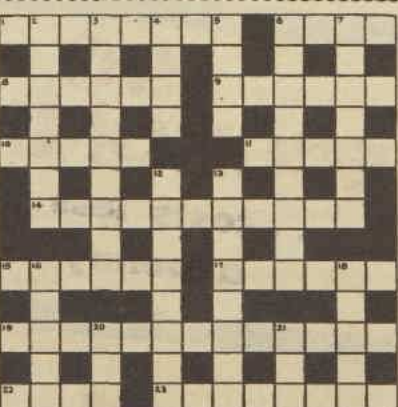
So make it a "Must" at every meal

## Keen's

BE YOUR OWN HANDY MAN. Buy the "Practical Householder," the monthly magazine that tells you how to do those odd jobs. Price 2/- at all newsagents.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Gardener's measure when digging. (8)
  - Insect which may give credit and lives in a stickleback. (4)
  - Dog, which is more than an asset, but not much more. (6)
  - Cut by bond-holders and railway guards. (6)
  - May follow a comic or introduce a tease. (5)
  - Viper disguised by a Leningrad dervish. (5)
  - Family name of the slipperwort. (11)
  - Room for an artist made of a button and a famous white heifer. (6)
  - Standard before an inhabitant of a French province. (6)
  - Trader, must have graduated in an educational institution founded by Sheridan. (7, 6)
  - What remains when you pay with cheque. (4)
  - You need gear to make a turncoat. (8)



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
- Scalp it and it may become pliant. (7)
  - Trickled when died with a motionless centre. (9)
  - Destiny with a corpulent beginning. (4)
  - Fasten with a tress. (4)
  - ER (9)
  - TH
  - Severe disease with a hole in it. (7)
  - Iron bead. (Anagr. 8)
  - Its buff is a game. (5, 3)
  - Implied but not expressed Roman historian separated from us. (5)
  - Improve a repaired part. (5)
  - A swell or a knave. (3)
  - Scold a horse. (3)



**Bushells**

**COFFEE ESSENCE**  
**SWEETENED**

Use one or two teaspoonfuls to a cup of boiling water or hot milk

8 Fluid ozs Net

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**SO QUICK!**  
... made in a cup in a second!

**SO GOOD!**  
... you'll want another cup!

**SO ECONOMICAL!**  
... costs less than a penny a cup!

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